

The King and the Crisis. By Sydney Brooks.

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S. J. U. S. A.

PUBLICATION OFFICE—No. 1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

This magazine has always, from the first day of its publication, stated that it was "Devoted to Literature, Science and Freemasonry."

It is really *two* magazines bound up together for convenience. Each "Section" of The New Age contains forty-eight pages and in this issue we have tried to emphasize this dual character by new illustrated "Headings" which distinguish the "Literary" and the "Masonic" Sections.

It may be correct to term the Masonic Section a "Class" magazine, but by no stretch of the imagination can the Literary Section be thus designated.

The forty-eight pages of our first section are always made up of articles on subjects of general interest without "class leanings," stories and scientific notes which are not intended for any one class of our readers. Our contributors are known by their articles of a similar nature published in other magazines which are not "class" periodicals. All this will be seen by any intelligent reader of The New Age.

We have also changed the illustration on our editorial page, adopting a symbolical heading which was especially designed for this magazine. The meaning of the symbols is apparent and needs no comment.

We hope these changes will make the pages of The New Age more attractive, and its aim clearer. We ask for the Official Journal the good-will of all those who sympathize with the effort of the Supreme Council to put out a general and also a Masonic magazine which shall truly represent its feelings and aspirations.

We sometimes receive letters addressed to "THE NEW AGE Publishing Company." There is no "Publishing Company" connected with this magazine. It is "owned and published" by the Supreme Council of the Thirty-third Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States. It is not published "under the auspices" of that body but is, we repeat, owned and published by it. The Board of Trustees are officers and all "Active

Members " of that Supreme Council and the Editor is an officer and Active Member of the same Body.

The magazine has its editorial and subscription offices in New York City only because the Metropolis of the Country furnishes more facilities for printing and publishing the kind of magazine that we are trying to issue than any city in the United States.

THE NEW AGE received the highest indorsement from Judge Henry L. Palmer, the Grand Commander of the Supreme Council for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction, and his able and greatly beloved successor, General Samuel C. Lawrence, has also given a very strong endorsement of this magazine and its work.

We are glad to receive encouragement and support from all regular Masons of all Degrees, and of all Rites. We are not " rivals " of any other Masonic Journal, for the field which THE NEW AGE occupies differs from that of any other magazine in the world.

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We would be pleased to have subscriptions, and advertisements from reputable people, who believe they can get the value of their money from our pages but we do not appeal to any man " as a Mason " either to subscribe or to advertise in the Official Journal of the Supreme Council. If he has reason to believe that a subscription to THE NEW AGE will furnish him a magazine that will entertain or amuse, or instruct him or the members of his family, we will be glad to receive it. If he believes that an advertisement in our pages will make business for him on account of the position of the advertising medium and the high class of readers it reaches, we would be glad to have it. *But not otherwise.* We make no appeal to our readers or Masons to support this magazine, because it is the Official Organ of a Masonic Body. If you think you will get *full* value for your subscriptions or your advertisements, then send them along, but if you only pay for subscriptions or " Ads " because it's a Masonic magazine, we would prefer that you should " keep your coin. "

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THE GATE OF SIN.

(How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?"

—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

"Child," whispered the star: "Look up to me
From a world of grief and sin—
The star of faith shall guide thee straight
By the way of the Cross through
Heaven's gate.
Lord Christ will let thee in!"

The old earth said: "Be thou my child—

Come frolic and dance with the rest,
In the sun's bright gold and the diamond dew,
Where the gay nymphs fly and the fawns pursue,
Till they drop to sleep on my breast."

The sands ran fast through the reckoning glass

In the lapse of the whirling years.
Old earth proved false and joy was brief:

The fairy gold was a withered leaf,
And the diamond dew, salt tears.

The sick leaves shrank, the dead leaves dropped;

The wind blew dank and cool.

An old man lay on the shores of time,
Like a dying moth in the silken slime
At the edge of a stagnant pool.

The red sun sank in a shroud of fog
As he lay in dumb despair.

On the purple pall one star shone bright,
And a voice, like a ray of liquid light,
Fell soft through the quivering air:

"Poor child of earth, thou art halt and blind:

Thy heart is a clay-cold clod—
But the shrivelled soul within thee pines

For the mystic bread in the altar shrines,
For the light and the love of God!"

"Too late, too late," the old man said;

"I have turned from the guiding star;
The rose light fades in the purple gloom,

Sharp thorns have banished the summer bloom,

My feet have strayed too far."

"Look up, dull soul," the voice replied,
"God's grace to thee is given;
Through the gate of sin,
Thou hast wandered in
To the outer court of Heaven!"

"Far off thou hast followed the Way of the Cross,

By the Master set apart—

In tears and pain thou hast paid they toll,

The Lord Christ comes to thy ransomed soul

Through the rift of a broken heart."

Maria Longworth Storer.

The Dublin Review.

THE SONG OF THE TINKER.

I am the man of pot and pan,

I am a lad of mettle;

My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch

To mend your can and kettle;

While town-bred folk bear a year-long yoke

Among their feeble fellows,

I clink and clank on the hedgerow bank,

And blow my snoring bellows.

I loved a lass with hair like brass,

And eyes like a brazier glowing;

But the female crew, what they will do,

I swear is past all knowing!

She flung her cap at a ploughman chap,

And a fool I needs must think her,

Who left for an oaf the mug and loaf,

And the snug little tent of a tinker.

But, clank and clang, let women go hang,

And who shall care a farden?

With the solder strong of a laugh and a song

My mind I'll heal and harden.

My ways I'll wend, and the pots I'll mend

For gaffer and for gammer,

And drive my cart with a careless heart,

And sit by the road and hammer!

May Byron.

The Spectator.

THE KING AND THE CRISIS.

There is a certain mournful consolation in the thought that King Edward died as he would have wished to die—in harness, laboring to the last, with that hearty, winning zest of his in life and men and affairs still unimpaired, at the height of the popularity that was so humanly dear to him, with his work and fame as one of the two foremost figures and forces in European politics established unassailably. One could have chosen for such a man and such a Sovereign, since end there had to be, no other end than this. Without abatement, suffering or decay, at a summons mercifully brief, that honest, open heart ceased to beat, the toiling competent hands were folded in rest, the shrewd brain and the warm, radiant, unflagging spirit passed to their eclipse. Who among us would not ask for ourselves the privilege of such a death? "It was too soon," was the first irrepressible cry of the nation as it woke to a strange self in a new world. Yes, it was too soon; too soon for him in the ripeness of his charm and his power; too soon for the country trusting in an unexampled crisis to his sagacity and experience; too soon, above all, for that tender and desolate Queen now more than ever enshrined in the hearts and prayers of her people. But it was not too soon in the broader sense that here death overtook, not a wasted life, faculties undeveloped, a character gone astray, opportunities unused—when it is always and hideously too soon—but a work three-quarters accomplished, a scheme of existence fully and fruitfully rounded out, aptitudes that for fifty brimming years and more had never rusted. It was not too soon unless we who remain elect to make it so; unless we obliterate from our minds that lesson of practical toleration which it

was his life-work to teach; unless we falter because he, the strong leader, has fallen, bury with him the spirit in which he so greatly lived and labored, and dishonor his memory and our own best instincts by holding over the grave of Edward the Peace-maker an orgy of factional strife. He is gone, but it is left to us to extract and apply the meaning of his reign; to put the nation first in our thoughts as he always put it; to work as he worked for appeasement and mutual understanding. How petty and barren seemed our controversies and passions in the august presence of death; how the scales fell from eyes blinded by the dust of political conflict; how different the speechless, dazed emotion of a nation's grief from the shrill factitious funnings of party combatants. All the little things we had for months been mistaking for great shrank back to their true proportions at that grim cold touch of reality. In the mirror of Death, which never lies, we saw ourselves as we were—"Our petty souls, our strutting wits, Our lab'rd, puny passion-fits"—and the sight seemed suddenly mean and hateful. Of all the tens of thousands who thronged in Westminster Hall to pay the last tribute of affection to their Sovereign, there was not one who could think of the two Chambers near-by, and of their scenic warfare, without revulsion. The King was dead. That mattered; that was real; all else was a shadow or a sham. One felt the deep, unuttered yearning of the nation to have done with the bitterness of strife. The mood may pass, but not the sure instinct that was behind it. We must all of us capture and keep and be guided by the vision and exaltation of those clarifying days. It is the least service we can render to him who

served us so faithfully and well. King Edward in his life wrought unwaveringly for peace; his death enjoins it.

But if a general coming together of all parties in a spirit of conciliation and unselfishness is something we owe, is indeed the only homage we can worthily render, to the dead, we owe it not less to the living. We have not only a new King, but to some extent an unknown one. Since he came of age nearly one-half of the present Sovereign's life has been spent out of England as a sailor and a traveller. He has visited almost every corner of the Empire. He assumes the Imperial sceptre with a better right to it than any of his predecessors possessed—the right of having seen with his own eyes nine-tenths of that Greater Britain which to the bulk of his subjects, for all their pride in it, is necessarily little more than a glittering abstraction. And his Majesty has repeatedly shown that he has not only breathed but has imbibed the air of the over-sea democracies. He understands them. There is perhaps no man in England who understands them better. More than once he has interpreted their secret sentiments to his home-keeping fellow-countrymen with real justice and insight. He has never hidden the intensity of his pride in being an Englishman with a share in the ordering of so vast a heritage. Many and splendid as are the attributes of the British Crown, there is probably none of them that appeals to him more closely than the thought that it is the symbol of unity and kinship to one-fifth of mankind. King George's Imperial travels have never been those of the mere tourist. He has turned on all he has seen an alert intelligence, a studious mind, and, above all, an understanding spirit. It is probable, indeed, that the sailor in him, his hearty and engaging naturalness, has found something in the clearer and less ham-

pered atmosphere of Colonial life that is more congenial to him than the complex and convention-ridden scheme of things that obtains in the older civilization of Europe; and that if he were not a King, and could make his choice, he would be a settler and a pioneer amid the open, breezy spaces of some new and growing land. Experience, contact, and his own sound instincts have at any rate enabled him to bring to the throne the invaluable asset of an informed and sympathetic knowledge of the needs and sentiments of Greater Britain and of the general problems of Empire. Furiously as we may seem to rage over the issues of our domestic politics, we know, we English, in our heart of hearts, that they are parochial; that this is not what we are in the world for; that the master-question before us and before all British peoples is that of making the Empire for as many purposes as possible a single whole, and of giving it a coherence, an effectiveness, and an organized power and stability it does not now possess. Slowly and cumbrously we are moving towards the ideal of converting the Empire from a number of ill-related communities into something that shall be, if not a single unit in the society of States, at least a body of a firmed cohesion and a more visible interdependence than at present among its several parts. With this ideal it is impossible not to think of King George as being in anything but the warmest sympathy; and it may mean much for the whole Empire that the throne should now be occupied by an energetic monarch, still in the prime of life, who delights in the society of Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, and South Africans, who knows the Empire, as hardly any of his subjects know it, at first hand, and in whom the best spirit of Imperialism burns with a clear and steady flame.

But this high and unique qualifica-

tion for his office is one that King George could hardly have developed had his life been mainly passed in the British Isles. Circumstances hitherto have made him a better-known and more conspicuous figure in the dominions beyond the seas than at home. As Heir-Presumptive he was naturally overshadowed by the personality of Queen Victoria, and by the unfailing adequacy with which his father discharged all the social and ceremonial duties devolving on the Court. As Heir-Apparent again he played in the general life of the nation a subordinate part that was in curious contrast with the activities and publicity of his father's life during his long apprenticeship as Prince of Wales. There would seem to have been two main reasons for King George's self-effacement. In part it was the reflex result of the extraordinary, the still only half realized, competency with which King Edward fulfilled his rôle, not only as supreme head of the State, but as the centre of Court and social life; and in part it was his deliberate choice. A man of the simplest and most domesticated tastes, modest to a fault, of an extreme conscientiousness and delicacy of scruple, devoted to his father, yet sharing little of his father's frank delight in pageants, ceremony, and the diversions of society, King George, from motives that did him nothing but honor, always, as Prince of Wales, tended to keep himself in the background. It takes a long while for any man to stamp his personality upon the public mind, even if he be a man whose profession is publicity. But it takes longer for a Prince than for anyone else. The country as yet can hardly be said to know its new Sovereign at all; it has caught from his speeches a few flashes of his inner self, but only a few; and amid all the affectionate solicitude with which he has been welcomed to the throne, there is noticeable

a certain negativeness and indecision in the popular guesses as to what manner of man he may be. Some things, indeed, are clear already. The absolute blamelessness of his private life, his modesty and good nature, his sportsmanship, his insistent sense of duty, his frankness and honesty—these are fundamental attributes that declare themselves in his face, his demeanor, in every speech and action of his career. To these qualities the nation holds, just as it holds to the transparent benevolence, good sense and practicality of Queen Mary, and to the certainty that the new King and Queen will maintain a Court that in dignity and simplicity might serve as a model for any household in the land. But probably only his intimates are aware that the King possesses a far more vivid individuality than the country yet suspects. One cannot, indeed, talk with anyone who knows his Majesty really well without being made to understand that in his own way King George has a personality not less pronounced than was King Edward's; that he has, for instance, a power of emotionalism unusual in an Englishman; that he belongs distinctly to the category of men who "do things"; that he has developed a mastery of business without losing the vitalizing touch of imagination; that he does his own thinking, is a close student of public affairs, and in all his intercourse with Ministers will state his own views frankly, openly and emphatically, and will insist on a similar candor and decisiveness in return.

It need not, therefore, be in any way "a poor compliment" to the King, as some journals have foolishly argued, to advocate a truce to our present controversies. King George is in most respects as amply qualified to cope with the situation that lies ahead of him as was King Edward; in a few respects he

is, perhaps, less qualified, and in a few others more so. Naturally he would prefer time to look round and take a few observations. But even if the programme that was marked out a month ago were to be carried out in its entirety; even if a few weeks from now the Prime Minister were to approach the Crown with the request for guarantees; the King, there is not the least reason to doubt, would be wholly equal to the emergency and would act with the same propriety, steadfastness, and regard for the interests of the nation as a whole that his father would have displayed. Certainly, though he would regret the necessity of having to make a decision so early in his reign on so vital an issue, the responsibility would not frighten him. His training as a sailor taught him how to make decisions and meet responsibilities; he is probably already as well posted on the pros and cons of the main question as the average Member of Parliament, and if the obligation were forced upon him of taking a definite stand, he would have no hesitation in facing it. Indeed, to preach peace on the merely personal ground that the King is not equipped for the rough and tumble of our politics, is an undertaking to which no one with any knowledge of King George's character, or any sense of humor, could possibly address himself. That his Majesty should have fair play, should not be hustled, should be given time for consultation, and opportunity for looking all round the situation—all this is eminently right and proper, and may justly be made the basis of an argument in favor of postponement and delay. But to found the case for a truce on the supposition that King George lacks anything of the *nervé* or knowledge or the capacity to look before and after, that will be abundantly required of the Monarch if the Government persevere with their scheme, is simply to expose oneself to

the ridicule of all who are acquainted with his Majesty's mind and temperament.

It is, of course, in considerations that affect the Monarchy even more than the Monarch, in the inherent decency of things, in the sense of our signal indebtedness to King Edward, and in the dangers that threaten not only to destroy our whole Constitutional framework but to change the whole spirit and temper of our politics, that the main arguments must be sought for proclaiming an armistice to our present contentions. A truce of a kind there is bound to be; the demise of the Crown makes obligatory a number of arrangements and readjustments that can only be carried out by Parliament. The plan of campaign as it was mapped out before the King's death must in any case remain for a while in suspense. This has been recognized on all sides; and nothing could be better than the taste and considerateness with which both the Government and the Opposition have so far joined in smoothing the new Sovereign's path and in laying down their arms, or, at least, in resting on them. When Parliament reassembles on June 8th, it will be to deal with certain necessary matters that, though delicate, ought not to rouse any heated controversy. The Civil List for the new reign must be settled, and as the Heir-Apparent is still two years under age, a Regency Bill must be brought in. A Bill for altering the terms of the Royal Declaration and relieving the Sovereign from the odious necessity of beginning his reign by insulting the religious convictions of many millions of his subjects, is a reform on which among sensible people there can hardly be two opinions; and while sensible people are not always those to whom Members of Parliament pay or can afford to pay the most attention, there really seems a chance that this unique anachronism

—unique in combining a maximum of offensiveness and vulgarity with a minimum of quaintness, and in serving no excusable purpose whatever—will now at long last be swept away. It may not be done without a certain amount of friction; there is admittedly room for argument between those who hold that the positive affirmation of Protestantism is enough, those who contend that no Declaration is necessary, since the Protestant Succession is already sufficiently guarded by the Act of Settlement, and those who, in addition to a profession of Protestantism, wish to see a definite, but not an insulting, repudiation of Catholicism; and, of course, the *odium theologicum* always lies not far below the surface of the British character. Nevertheless, only a very little firmness on the part of the Government, and only a very little goodwill on the part of the Opposition, will be needed to carry through this small but most desirable concession to toleration and good manners. After that it will be necessary to obtain a certain amount of Supply, and as by then we shall be well on in July, a general invitation will be extended to Mr. Lloyd George to temper the justice of the old Budget with the mercy of a new one. Mr. Lloyd George, by exercising a severe self-control, will produce a Budget as nearly humdrum as any measure in which he has a hand can possibly be—a Budget whose principal feature, presumably, will be the abolition of the pauper disqualification in connection with the Old Age Pensions. It will be passed with something like universal consent, and the House will then be prorogued for the summer holidays amid all the signs of what Americans call “an era of good feeling.”

Such is the forecast of events to which those of an optimistic turn of mind incline. But apart from the fact that there is no immediate urgency in

the matter of the Royal Declaration—the King not having to make the Declaration until his Coronation or until a new Parliament meets—and that, therefore, the House of Commons may have more time on its hands than some people expect, there is this very obvious defect in the programme I have sketched—namely, that it ignores the House of Lords. Whether the truce—it cannot at best be other than an armed truce—is to last, is to lead up to a round-table conference, which in its turn will bring forth a settlement of the whole question on a basis of compromise, depends, not indeed absolutely, but very largely, on the action taken by the House of Lords during the next few weeks; and that action depends—here again not absolutely, but very largely—on the personal views and wishes of Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and perhaps four other men. When Parliament assembles, what do the Peers intend to do? It has been announced that one, at any rate, of their present intentions is to proceed with the Rosebery resolutions. No possible objection can be taken to that. The spectacle of the Peers discussing their own reform is one that excites many emotions, but, except in Lord Halsbury's inexpugnable breast, anger is not among them. A debate on the motions of which Lord Rosebery has given notice, conducted with the gravity and sincerity which recent events must have inspired even in the wildest of the backwoodsmen, will not provoke strife but allay it, and will have the further advantage of developing and giving substance to the only alternative which the Unionist Party has yet put forward to the Government's policy. From the standpoint of a possible peace there can be no harm and there may be much good in having the Lords expound with as much clearness and precision as possible what they mean by reform. But, after all, in the opin-

ion of the Government—the only Government, remember, that can carry on without an immediate appeal to the country—the reform of the House of Lords is a side-issue. What Ministers are interested in and what all their followers are interested in is to see the reception that is to be given to their Veto proposals. How will the Lords treat them? On the answer to that question, more than on any other factor in the situation, hangs the issue of war or peace.

We were told before the King's death that any disposition on the part of the Peers to hang up the Veto Resolutions would be treated by the Government as equivalent to their rejection, and that if the House of Lords declined, as I apprehend it would have a perfectly valid right to do, to take them into consideration until they had been embodied in a Bill that had run its normal course in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith would be compelled to advise the King to employ the Royal prerogative. This somewhat pistolling attitude on the part of the Government struck me from the beginning as a little excessive—it is surely a new thing in our Parliamentary procedure to treat Resolutions as though they had the force of a Bill and as though attention to them and discussion of them could be claimed as a right—and the change wrought by the demise of the Crown has clearly, as it seems to me, rendered it untenable. If the Lords, in other words, were to ignore the Resolutions and to announce that they preferred to wait for the Bill, I doubt whether the Government would feel itself in a position to proceed to the threatened extremities. It could not, while pursuing a highly unusual and irregular demand of its own, and while resisting a perfectly normal request of the House of Lords, approach the King within a few weeks of his Accession and urge him either to create enough

Peers to swamp the Opposition in the Upper House at once, or to pledge himself to their creation in the event of a Liberal victory at the polls. For such a course would be branded from every Unionist platform, and would undoubtedly appear to the electorate, as an attempt to press the Crown unduly; and Ministers, if they are wise, if they have at all gauged the fervor of monarchical devotion which has been stimulated by the death of King Edward and by the overpowering demonstrations that attended his lying-in-state and his funeral ceremonies, will avoid at all costs even the appearance of coercing what is by far the most popular and the most potent institution in the country. Tactically, therefore, the Lords would score heavily, and would place the Government in a most awkward quandary if they declined to debate the Resolutions until they had been submitted to them in the customary form of a Bill. The country would fail to recognize that the Government had any legitimate grievance, and Mr. Asquith could neither resign nor dissolve without incurring far greater risks and a far greater loss of prestige than anybody anticipated six weeks ago. Ministers would be all but compelled to introduce their Bill in an autumn session and to follow up its inevitable rejection in the House of Lords by another January election.

But this would amount merely to a postponement and embitterment of the strife, not to its cessation. The truce is no truce if it is used by either side as a cover for a strategical advantage. What we are seeking, what all moderate men are hoping for, is a way out. For the Lords to ignore the Veto Resolutions is not a way out; it is a way that ends in the very heart of the morass. To reject them, on the other hand, outright is to bring the crisis to an immediate head. So direct a challenge the Government could not if it would, and would not if it could, over-

look. It must, I think, be very obvious to a dispassionate looker-on that the Ministerialists, rightly or wrongly, do not dread an appeal to the country, and that among the rank and file, among the Radicals, the Labor men and the Irish especially, there is a strong body of opinion in favor of forcing the pace. They are far more confident to-day than they were when the new Parliament first met. They have passed the Budget; they have survived all the embarrassments and humiliations that beset them at the opening of the session; they have won nearly every point in the Parliamentary battle; they have held enthusiastic meetings in all parts of the country; their organization was never in better trim or more amply endowed with funds and candidates; for all fighting purposes they are as much a compact and united force on the question of the House of Lords as are the Unionists on the question of Tariff Reform; their majority on this specific issue is a solid majority, an earnest and belligerent majority; and they have evolved a definite policy which, whether one approves of it or not, is at least a wholesome and virile contrast to the shuffling negatives of the Unionists, who seem to have no programme of their own either in regard to the Veto or to the composition of the House of Lords, and who have been forced to fall back on Lord Rosebery for their single, solitary flash of constructive statesmanship. If, therefore, the Lords reject the Veto Resolutions forthwith nothing can prevent the Government from pushing on with their original plan of action. The Liberals, I repeat, are prepared, if necessary, if no other honorable and satisfactory alternative presents itself, to go to the King with their request for guarantees, to resign office if he declines to act on their advice, and to dissolve Parliament only on the distinct understanding that an endorsement of their programme by the electorate means, in case of need, its enforced adoption by the House of Lords. That is their temper if the worst comes to the worst; and it has to be reckoned with. On the other hand, they recognize not only the impolicy of seeming to browbeat the Crown, particularly at such a juncture as this, but the deep national desire that the death of a beloved Monarch should be marked by the restoration of Constitutional peace; they have paid tribute to this desire, and they have left the door open to a possible settlement by cancelling some hundreds, if not some thousands, of meetings; they have done and said nothing since the King's death that has darkened the chances of a friendly conference. But they insist that the initiative must come from the Opposition; that the Government policy has been formulated in the sight of all men; that it is impossible for them to suggest its withdrawal or modification; and the next move—whether in the direction of hostilities or of compromise—rests with the Unionists.

Such being the situation, or some, at any rate, of the vital elements in the situation, it is clear that a very grave responsibility rests at this moment upon the Unionist leaders. It falls to their lot in as momentous and perplexing a crisis as this country has faced for two hundred years to say the word that will either make war inevitable or that will open up a pathway—a dubious pathway, no doubt, and full of pitfalls—to a possible peace. The moment is intensely critical, and if, now that the hearts of the politicians have been tragically disposed towards harmony and the nation has been moved to realize itself as something infinitely bigger and better than the sum of all parties; if, now that the deepest mood of all men is towards conciliation; if this providential opportunity, purchased at so terrible a price, is al-

lowed to pass unused, it may never, in all probability it will never, return. There is no more obviously patriotic work before the statesmen of this country than that of preventing a General Election fought out on the Constitutional issue, with the Crown as a rallying-point of party defence on the one side, though not, one may hope, of party attack on the other. To settle this great series of problems without an appeal to the country—that is the supreme goal to be aimed at. Many of the suggestions that have been put forward—such as that of an *ad hoc* and limited Referendum so ably and persuasively advocated by Lord Monteagle and the *Spectator*; such, too, as Lord Rosebery's plea for the temporary elimination of the fiscal question—need not, with this object in view, be here considered at all; for they presuppose that very appeal to the electorate which it is our desire to avoid. What, then, remains? Two possibilities and, I fear, no more than two. One is that the Lords should accept the abolition of their Veto on finance while agreeing to refer the Government's proposals for limiting their Veto on ordinary legislation to a Special Commission or a Joint Committee of the two Houses. The other is the suggestion powerfully but somewhat paradoxically advocated by Lord Curzon towards the close of a rattling party speech he delivered at Reading on May 5th. "Could any serious person," he asked, "really look forward with any equanimity to a situation in which the Constitution was to be pulled backwards and forwards in deference to the accident of a party majority in the Lower House of Parliament?" For himself he frankly owned to loathing the prospect, and he proposed as a means of averting it a conference between five Liberals and five Unionists, presided over by the Speaker of the House of Commons, and sitting for six months behind closed

doors over the task of drafting a new Constitution for this country.

Is such a conference, or any conference at all, a possibility? Would it not need two Peebles, each prepared to break up his party for his country's good, to bring it about? And even if it could be convened, what chance is there, when the influence of the present mood has passed away and the old elemental fighting spirit has reasserted itself, that it would lead to an acceptable settlement? The violence of the courses to which each of the two main parties stands committed, and the Parliamentary or electoral difficulties in which each is involved, make sacrifices, and heavy sacrifices on both sides, the price of any lasting adjustment between them. Who will convince the Liberals that any Constitutional change which is to endure must be the work of all parties and cannot represent merely the views or interests of one of them? Who will persuade the Unionists that the Lords broke the Constitution last November and that the only way to restore it is to assert and give statutory effect to the unfettered control of the House of Commons over all matters of finance? Who will bring it home to the Coalition that this country will not permanently tolerate a Second Chamber that is deprived of the power of rejecting "Bills other than Money Bills"? Who will demonstrate to the Tariff Reformers that they cannot hope to carry through their fiscal revolution or to the Nationalists that they cannot hope to obtain Home Rule, as a side-issue to a Constitutional upheaval? Who will enforce it upon Liberalism that the prerogative of the Crown is for employment only in the gravest of national emergencies, and that to invoke it for purely party purposes is in the long run to degrade it and destroy it for all purposes? Who, finally, will make it plain to the Unionists that the Liberals have a rational grievance against the House

of Lords, and to the Liberals that the way to remedy that grievance is not to make the Upper Chamber politically impotent but to reorganize it from within? I look round and I see no statesman untrammelled, powerful, persuasive enough to turn to national

account the propitious influences and emotions of the hour, to stop this dire drift towards a whirlpool of chaos and faction, to make a final stand for safety and sanity. I see none—unless, indeed, it be his Majesty, King George the Fifth.

The Fortnightly Review.

Sydney Brooks.

KING EDWARD VII. IN PARIS.

If the President of the Republic were to die, Paris would say, "Dear me, how sad!" and go about its business. The only Parisian King for many generations has died with Edward VII. He was not merely the only Parisian King, but was a great deal more Parisian than any President of the Republic has ever been. The President of the Republic has always remained, and still remains, a provincial in Paris. For one thing, he is generally a southerner, and for another, wherever he comes from, he never succeeds in looking upon Paris as a Parisian does, in doing Parisian things as a Parisian does them. King Edward would run over from London, from the "mists of the Thames," as French "Journalese" always puts it, and do exactly the right thing. The President of the Republic would be annoyed, and wonder: "Now why hadn't I thought of doing that?" He never did, and King Edward always did. If the Palace of the Elysée were ever jealous of him it had some cause. "Edouard is dead; 'the' King is dead," Parisians said; they almost said "Our King is dead." When he was dying I listened to Parisian street gossip, "He is low, he cannot pass the night." "But he has vitality—such vitality!" "Yes, but he has spent it." "Spent it? I should think so, and small blame to him. He did well, and he spent it well." "There is no saying but what his life was well filled," put in an old

lady in the café who knew the world. The waiter was emboldened, and said, "How right madame is! How few of us shall have profited by our lives as Edouard has!" "Of course, he had his especial chances, but he used them well," said the sententious, respectable tradesman. "Used them well?" shouted the choleric politician; "I should like to see the man who says he didn't use them well. Where is he? Let him tell me, if you please, what other King has been a Parisian King. What other was our friend, and a friend who understood us? What other understood his trade as King a tenth part as well? What other did a hundredth part as much for the world, and did it with a thousandth part of his businesslike human *savoir faire*? What other has had so little nonsense about him? Ah! you may thank your stars you had him. Where should we have been now without him? Where, indeed?" "Yes, he really has been a man, Edouard," the chorus agreed; "he has been a King and he has been a man."

When King Edward came officially to Paris on May 1st, 1903, we Englishmen in Paris all thought there were only too many chances of his being hissed. Not a single man in the street, and few politicians except M. Delcassé, wanted the *Entente Cordiale*. There is no doubt whatever that we—that is to say, Edward VII., representing us—forced it upon France at

the time, and that she had not dreamt of asking for it. There is no doubt whatever that King Edward came to Paris, hat in hand, to a people which had not asked him to come, a people which is innately polite but innately ironic, which welcomes a confiding stranger courteously, but never on that account foregoes its right to make game of him, a people which is also suspicious as well as amiable. King Edward came like a man forcing his friendship upon a stand-offish family. The French did not want it; they would just as well have accepted (politically, and only politically, no doubt) the hand of Germany a few years before; they deliberately allowed England, through her King, to make all the advances, and they did not take one step forward towards meeting her. All this, which has never been said outright, can be said bluntly now. King Edward was not welcome when he came to Paris bringing the offer of the *Entente Cordiale*. We in Paris thought he very well might be hissed. The Paris police thought so too, and dotted the crowd along the route on the day of his arrival with its jolly workmen and retired military men and marvellous men about town, whom it fondly fancies no one ever spots, and whom King Edward must have been the first to pick out with amusement. Edward VII. came, and that evening one heard the crowd in the streets out to see the illuminations singing, "C'est Edouard, Edouard, Edouard—e, c'est Edouard—e qu'll nous faut." It was a feeling none of us will forget who had dreamt of an *Entente Cordiale* as Utopian.

The coming of King Edward suddenly struck the Parisian imagination. The English Press had been "working up" the future *Entente Cordiale* for all it was worth without the slightest response in France from either Press or people. Never had a proffered hand

been so reluctantly taken; never had the most sentimental people in Europe—that is, ourselves—been more gushing; never had the least sentimental—that is, the French—been more cool. King Edward came, and was almost coldly received on his arrival. The English correspondents in Paris made heroic efforts to reconcile their innate love of truth with their sympathy for the yet unborn *Entente Cordiale*, and to produce the impression in England, without exactly saying the words, that the King had been received with enthusiasm; but all knew he had not been. That he had not been hissed was such a relief to them that in the fever of turning out copy this negative proof became positive evidence of enthusiasm. There was no enthusiasm, but after a few hours there was a sudden firing of the Parisian imagination. Suddenly the Parisian mind saw the future in a picture before it; saw power, influence and benefits in the *Entente Cordiale*; saw in the same flash the past, what King Edward had planned; saw how he had planned it and what it might lead to; saw his work as he had foreseen it. He proved, indeed, that he had better knowledge of Parisians than we who lived among them, for he must certainly have had an intuition that his sudden move would strike their imagination as it did. One can suppose him saying, "It is *the card to play*," and—to timid advisers making objections—"I will play it, and it will win." Perhaps the only quality really wanted in Kings is a genius for reading men. Neither continual plodding nor brilliant flashes will serve them if they read men wrong.

Edward VII. had read Parisians with extraordinary perspicacity. The very thing to appeal to them was, as we acknowledged afterwards, what he had done, to come boldly, without asking by their leave, to them, then a po-

litically hostile people, and to say: "Here I am; you know me, I am an old Parisian. I come now not as *le Prince de Galles*, but as King; but I come still as an old Parisian. I come as an old Parisian for the deliberate purpose of using my old Parisianism as an influence upon you. I come to ask your friendship. I think the friendship of our two nations will be useful and powerful. I might offer it politically, and I do; but I offer it also personally. You know me of old; for my sake think whether this *Entente Cordiale* be not worth having. It is a business offer; but, frankly, I use my own goodwill with you to further my business, which is the business of my people, and which, if you consider it, will, I think, prove your own good business too." That is exactly what the offer was, and Parisians understood it accurately thus. The frankness of the offer fetched them, they struck the bargain as frankly, and the *Entente Cordiale* was sealed. Some suspicions held out, and Paul Déroulède's letter calling upon all patriots who had prepared to throw cabbage-stalks on King Edward's arrival to desist, and to welcome with dignified hospitality the guest of France, had not quieted all patriotic hearts, which were troubled for a year or two still with lurking inklings of perfidious designs. But the decisive blow had been struck, for the popular imagination had been kindled. King Edward understood the French people, which was grateful for having been understood. It saw suddenly what he had meant by coming with the *Entente Cordiale* in his traveling bag, saw the possibilities of it, and saw that he had trusted the French people to know its own business, and trusted it to take him, an old boulevardier, frankly as a friend—the same old boulevardier and friend though crowned a King.

No alliance with the French people

can be lasting that does not at the same time strike its imagination and touch its deeply realistic human sense. The Franco-Russian alliance was satisfying to the French imagination, and those who had felt a little ashamed of the French people for losing its sense of dignity and throwing up its babies imploringly to be kissed by Russian sailors in a carriage procession through the Paris streets, afterwards understood more broadly what had seemed the childishness of popular enthusiasm; it was the first time the French people had not felt alone in the world since 1870. This first-extended hand was grasped and embraced convulsively; the Franco-Russian alliance struck the popular imagination as a great consolation. But it left no roots in the deep realistic instinct which is the foundation of French character. There was very little human reality about the alliance, as there was extremely little human kinship between the two peoples, and the imaginative force of the impulse once past, surprisingly little vital force in fact was found to be left behind it.

King Edward, cheerfully coming unbidden, an English King who was a boulevardier, to offer English friendship to France, which had not asked for it, and coming because, thinking it would be a good thing for both peoples, he thought he was Parisian enough to bring the thing off even against the Parisian will, struck Parisian imagination strongly enough. This, indeed, was drama; the Boer war, during which we were not more liked in France than elsewhere, only just over; the late *Prince de Galles* coming back to Paris crowned, yet the same *Prince de Galles*, with an *Entente* in his pocket—an *Entente* of which the French people suddenly saw the wonderful possibilities. It was a dramatic picture to strike the imagination, but the interesting humanity in it appealed even-

more to the French. It was no political understanding negotiated through the Chancelleries; the French people knew nothing of such negotiations, and cared less; the Foreign Offices might have negotiated for years, but could not have brought off the *Entente Cordiale*. What appealed to the French was the King's move; they saw afterwards the political possibilities of it, but what they first saw was its human picturesqueness; and to them, first of all, the *Entente Cordiale* was a symbol, of which the King who had been *le Prince de Galles* was the reality. It is quite certain that no other man at that moment could have made the *Entente*. He imposed it, not through what courtiers call personal magnetism, or charm, or kingly authority, nor through prestige—for he had little then; the prestige came later, almost immediately afterwards. He had his way because of the strong human stuff the man was made of. The French people has made too many revolutions for the sake of changing the labels of its Governments to be any longer taken in by trappings wrapped round sham men; it picks out a real man very soon when it sees one, either in its own midst or elsewhere. Edward VII. suddenly appealed to the French mind as an extraordinarily interesting human personality when he boldly and blandly came unbidden to Paris; the image of his personality took shape quickly, past traits were remembered and put into the picture, the present circumstances gave it accent and relief, and soon, with a few decisive strokes, French minds had swiftly, as French minds will, drawn for themselves the full portrait of a King who was a real man, "le roi Edouard." When that portrait had been drawn, the *Entente Cordiale*, by the same mental operation, became an accomplished fact for the French. They took the *Entente* from him, but they gave him

something also. He made the *Entente* but to some extent French opinion can be said to have made him. The portrait which they drew for themselves of him is one that has remained, and his own people have never drawn a better one; perhaps the public conventions that surround an English throne have even prevented their drawing one as good. The French understood him quite as quickly as his own subjects, and what there was of sheer human worth in him appealed quite as soon to the French as it did to the English mind.

A King who was a man to whom nothing human was foreign and nothing life has to give indifferent; who got what he could out of life and out of human things, and whom only life and humanity interested; not a man of theories and books, but one, in the words of Bossuet, whose "main book was the world"; who, having lived, ruled by the same tokens, and looked only at life and human things for his people as he had looked at them for himself; who watched every moment the purely human world, knowing it as well as a man can, and at every moment used it; a King determined to give the people he was called to rule over all the benefit, as far as it lay in his power, of the worldly knowledge the amassing of which had filled his own life to the full; an intense realist as a man, a mighty realist as a King: that was "le roi Edouard."

The French are a people of realists, and the King whose picture they had drawn for themselves as that of the prince of realists and the realist among princes would have been the very King for them. He never afterwards belied their portrait of him. In France whenever he came, he not only always did the right thing, but he always did the real thing—the thing that really mattered and the thing that had the most real value at that moment of the

world's affairs. He never missed an opportunity, and never seemed to go out of his way to create one. He was always perfectly in touch with the French world, and never obtrusively an influence in its midst. He always went to see the "right" new play in Parisian opinion, and never gave the impression that he went because it was the right play to see. He always did Parisian things naturally, not because they were Parisian; other princes coming to Paris have always made violent efforts to be Parisian. He was a great deal more naturally Parisian than Presidents of the Republic and their suites. When he came to Paris officially a strange composite gala performance programme at the Théâtre Français was, as usual for visiting monarchs, arranged by the Protocol, which, like all French State institutions, has immemorial traditions of provincialism, and submitted to Edward VII., who said, "Est ce qu'on me prend pour le Shah de Perse?" and chose Mr. Mau-

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rice Donnay's then new piece, "L'Autre danger." He always saw the right people in Paris, and many people who mutually called each other the wrong people. He met Republican political men because they were the real men who were acting in the world; among his private friends of the Faubourg St. Germain society, which lives in a dream and looks upon the Republic as perdition pure and simple, he always took a delight in quoting the opinions of the sons of perdition, and the Faubourg St. Germain often learnt through him what was really going on in France. He paid particular courtesies to rather fluttered Republican ladies whom the Faubourg St. Germain would never think of receiving. In fact, compared with him, not only Presidents of the Republic but Parisian aristocracy seemed provincial to the Parisian. That is why Parisians are not in the least gushing when they talk of "their national loss" and feel that they have lost the King of Paris.

Lawrence Jerrard.

THE STORY OF HAUKGARTH FARM.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Silence meanwhile had passed an anxious day. By noon, the sea-fog had settled heavily upon the fields and yard and garden, though not so heavily but that she could distinguish the near trees and bushes.

After the midday meal, she carried the little Silver upstairs to the small room above the porch, which, in days gone by, had been his father's. Here the child had his bed, and here Jinny slept and watched over him at nights; here, also, he was laid for his midday slumber. Silence brought sewing with her, and when the child was in his bed, placed herself by the window which looked to the front, and took her work, but now and again leaned out to listen

for the sound of the returning cart laden with peats. At first there was no sound beyond the dreary drip from the eaves of the house; but after an interval came the slow, far-off rumble of a laden cart along the road from Spor. Would it be their cart with Silver, John, and the peats? God grant it. But hardly had the prayer escaped her lips than a qualm of the nature seized her, a shrinking back from the coming of the cart, as from some appalling disaster.

She supported herself heavily against the window and listened.

The cart stopped at the gate. The men seemed strangely silent, were strangely long in bringing it through and turning to the back parts of the

Farm. She wanted to run down and meet them, but felt unable to stir from her position.

She heard the cart turn to the back at last. But Silver was not following. Silver was coming down the space to the front; she was sure of that, for she knew his step. Why had he not followed to help John unload the peats?

And then she saw him. He turned the corner and came into her view, and she perceived that he walked slowly and heavily and carried in his arms a burden. She leant farther from the window, staring down in utter perplexity. The burden was a woman wrapped in a red cloak. What could have happened, what mishap, what accident? Her eyes were on his face, trying to read it; it was deathly white, and his appearance disordered. She watched him in heart-sinking perturbation. As he came nearer he raised his head, and his eyes clung to hers with a look of impassioned yet hopeless entreaty. And still she leaned from the window, unable to move her feet, gazing at the approaching figure and its burden. Each second seemed as an age of time through which with difficulty she fought a way, and through which tumbled one mad guess after another, until complete understanding came to her mind.

He was in front of the porch now, and stood with his head lifted, saying nothing, but looking up at her. Her eyes had drifted helplessly, aimlessly, to the woman in his arms, whose head lolled back like a dead thing's.

And then she saw that the face was Nanna's.

With that, the memory of her lie snatched at her heart. It had ever lain there, unforgotten, unforgiven, an unpaid debt to heaven, linking her to misfortune. Yet she had not dreamed of recalling it. Even now her tenderness was stubborn. As she flew down the stairs to receive the fainting

girl and tend her, it passed like lightning through her mind that the truth concerning Nanna was not and never should be the business of her tongue.

Such was the disturbing element that Silver carried over the threshold of his home.

Nanna did not appear in the kitchen that evening; her swoon was prolonged and dangerous, and Jinny and Silence kept her upstairs. When at last she recovered consciousness, she opened her eyes in her own old room and found Silence bending over her.

Next day Silver went out to his labor as one who struggles against a dream that fastens on the brain. He got through an hour or two of work steadily; but at the back of his mind palpitated a delirious excitement, and he wished he could get out of the range of John's voice. For John sang a hymn of thanksgiving for yesterday's deliverance from peril. That was the first time the man's habit jarred. Silver wanted to be alone and in quietness so that he might parley with this excitement and discover its nature; and the melodious voice hindered him.

It was useless to deny that his heart trembled under yesterday's event. Yesterday, the face longed-after during years of waiting had come near again; yesterday his arms had clasped Nanna Scaife; and the thought created an unparalleled joy.

He laid aside his hoe, and walked to the pasture and found a sunny spot under the hedge and sat down. The cattle lazily turned their heads, one or two moved restlessly, and then went back to their feeding. From mere habit, his eyes passed over them to test their condition. Then he sat staring at the earth.

Her face, he thought, was more beautiful than he had remembered it; still and white, the eyes closed under the spreading eyebrows and the dark lashes lying on the cheek, it had pre-

sented an incomparable loveliness. He had not seen Nanna's face in this absolute stillness before. And, in truth, unconsciousness had left the mould perfect.

How cold, how empty had been his welcome of this exquisite event! He remembered that he had not kissed the face which had lain marble white near his own—the face of his one love. Now he regretted that. Reverence and a sense of duty had prevented him yesterday; to-day he wondered how the singleness of his emotion could have been divided in that supreme moment.

The discovery of Nanna in the cart had fallen upon him as a miracle, discomposing his attention from the scarcely sensible signs by which he was guided, and causing him to miss the passage. But would it have been hard to die then with Nanna? He sat on and on, one sad thought pursuing another in his brain.

A cry from the house warned him that the midday meal was ready, and he rose to his feet. Would Nanna be in the kitchen when he came there?

She was not there. His mind received the fact between relief and disappointment. He took his place opposite Silence, and straightway discovered how impossible it is to keep the circle of one's own deep disturbance within oneself. Silence, he perceived, shared it; her eyes were thinking steadily, and the tenor of her thought was apart from his own. He felt the divergence; and remarked that she made no effort to assume that the situation between them in their home, had suffered no material change through Nanna's return. That surprised while it relieved him. He no more than Silence was good at pretence. He turned his attention to his little son; the children at least kept something of the old close-woven quiet; the parents bending together over them breathed it gratefully and found it possible to speak.

Meanwhile surprisingly little had passed between the women upstairs. Nanna was sparing of information; the motive for this chariness in speech sprang from a highly-colored desire to pique curiosity. She surmised in Silence an inquisitive determination to ferret out the how and the why of her being at the peat-fields, and meant to parry every question and keep her secret snug.

But there is a muteness which differs from this shifting policy between speech and an assumed reluctance to speak. Silence was one who could stand aside and let circumstance go by. Her reserve was a simple strength and directness of soul in the front of life. Nanna awaited questions in vain. Silence attended to her needs with grave beneficence and uttered no unnecessary words. As for information, she neither asked nor gave it.

Old Jinny would have enjoyed a little more loquacity. When Nanna was in bed, she "overlooked" her garments. The gown had been handsome; the linen was fine and lace-trimmed but neglected.

"Massy, how the lace is torn!" cried Jinny. "It's a shame to see it."

"I can mend it at neets and at byetimes and find her something to put on instead," said Silence.

A portion of Nanna's old wardrobe still existed; some of her mother's clothes were still laid away in lavender; these things Silence carried to her for her choice.

When Silver came into the kitchen for the evening meal, Nanna was there, wearing an old-fashioned gown which had been hers when a girl. The circumstance awakened pangs of recollection and association. She had endeavored to correct the girlish fashion of the garment by folding a muslin kerchief of her mother's about her neck and shoulders, and by smoothing her bright hair on either side her fore-

head. No actress dressing for a hoped-for triumph could have taken more deliberate pains to assume her part and attire herself for it than did Nanna for hers upon the quiet, hospitable hearth. The kerchief and the method with her hair enhanced her beauty and changed it, lending her the aspect of a young and saintly matron. She was sitting in Silence's chair when Silver entered, still weak with the shock and willing to be idle; so quiet was her demeanor that the awkwardness and excitement in his mind died at sight of her; he found it easy to step forward and be kind.

"I'm glad to see thee up and looking thyself again, Nanna," said he. "How art thou to-day?"

"Better, thank you, Silver. But glad to rest."

She explained that her faint had followed upon illness.

He noted a refinement in her speech beyond his and Silence's. It raised something of a barrier between them and created a feeling of timidity. He was glad of the barrier. Silence with an everyday air was moving about preparing the meal, and pending its arrival, he took his wonted seat and followed her movements with his eyes. The door between the two kitchens was open, and he could see old Jinny carrying his baby-girl over one shoulder while with the other hand she stirred the broth. A series of small chuckling laughs and exclamations revealed there the presence of his boy happily engaged in a child's perpetual journey of discovery about his little world. The atmosphere of home seemed to gather closely and tranquilly about him. He was relieved to feel the accustomed things taking hold of him again and the agitation of the morning dying down. It began to seem as though the presence of Nanna was, after all, no more to him than the presence of a very beautiful picture.

But presently glancing at her, he found her eyes fixed upon him with a look that went straight to his heart, disturbing anew his emotions, and sending a flight of arrowy questions through his mind, and a memory of the past straight through the barrier of the present. He was dismayed at the agitation he was in, and at the feel of color rising to his cheek and the leap of fire to his eyes. But at the moment, his little son broke from the back kitchen, and with shouts of joy rushed towards him and compelled his attention.

With a sigh of relief, and an answering word, Silver lifted the boy to his knee and pressed his lips upon the child's curls.

CHAPTER XXV.

No one spoke of Nanna's leaving.

After a few days, it seemed to Silver that the amazing situation had been accepted. Nanna had come home and was in the house with them. He did not see her often, the encounters being in chief limited to the midday and evening meals. In her bearing was something elusive, self-withdrawing; and when the day's work was over, and the leisure hour of evening had arrived, she rarely came to them, but went to her bedroom or remained with Jinny. If she appeared in the front kitchen, Silence would receive her with a kind bright word; but he noticed that his wife never directly invited her to come in.

Silence's conduct excited in his mind both admiration and amazement; he could not see that she deviated from her ordinary manner; she went about her daily work; she was tranquil, natural, and with her children cheerful and tender as she was wont to be. But he felt that her heart was hidden from him. Had he ever—the question surprised him one day—read the heart of Silence?

He would follow her with his eyes when evening and the leisure hour pressed the problem close. He did this to avoid Nanna's glance if she was present, and again because the sight of Silence's composure enfolded him with a sense of safety.

For there were thoughts and thoughts in the air. Two wills, differing in quality as hurt and healing, as grasping and setting free, sought after the soul of the man.

"Oh my God!" sighed Silence, lifting up her heavy burden with a voiceless cry.

Now and then a flashing, clear thought came to Silver. He began to understand how little a man knows of the man's heart within. He had moments of scare and chill—moments when he saw his wife and children weeping apart from him. Whither was he going? And who taking him? Sometimes the blood rushed in his ears as though from some impetuous speed and hurry. Even as his eyes hung on Silence, the thought of an inadvertent moment, when his glance had become locked in Nanna's—as in some glory from which he could not tear himself away—burned in his mind. In the glances there were whispers, words, noisy betrayals! On the hearth of his home, in the presence of wife, children, and servants, he was beginning, without choice of his own, to live a double life, and he knew it.

The madness grew upon him. The beauty of the landscape was uplifted by it, the Bay and sky glorified. Something like a wild nature-song hummed in his brain. But his ordinary powers were stupefied and he himself restless and an indifferent onlooker at the life and work of his home.

There were moments when he went apart from his kind and took deep glances into his own heart and examined his situation. Then he knew that his emotion was not all weakness

but sprang from a virile strength which had lain latent all these years. He had not drunk of the blissful cup that most men taste. His passion might have been no other than legitimate. For was not she the only woman he had ever loved? It was circumstance—the malice in things, as he thought—that had tricked him.

But what to do with the passion now? A twinge of tenderness for wife and little ones moved in his breast.

The children were effectual in those moments when the unconscious trust claimed him; then he found himself tranquilly back in the life he had deliberately chosen—the wholesome life that sweetly and gently straightened out the furrows and angles in his nature. When the boy stood at his knee, beating there with his small hand to call attention, or when he lifted the baby girl and felt her soft toes kick against his chest and brought near to his face the firm little body with its delicate clean odors of babyhood—in those moments he was safe.

He became conscious of something he had not noticed in the old days; and that was the mysteriousness of Nanna. An indefinable alteration, beyond the changes consequent on the lapse of time and the possible history of her life between, struck him when his eyes could rest on her, without encountering her glance. He thought that, in a sense, she was more beautiful. Nor was he wrong. Her attitudes had acquired a polished grace without losing the pictorial fawnlike movements. If there was art in the change she could conceal it; for in beauty she had genius, playing it lightly as a game and with consummate skill. What had woven the fabric of change which clothed her as with a garment?

His curiosity dwelt on the question. The position of Nanna was not, he reflected, easy to read. Where was her husband? Had Silence learnt the name

she had taken? He found it impossible to question his wife as to any confidence that might have passed between her and Nanna.

There had been no confidences. Nanna had found Silence's position too genuine to be assailable. Her mysterious deportment failing to pique, she began to strain after forced opportunities of speech.

"You haven't asked me where I 've been and what I 've done this long time," said she one day.

With incomparable gentleness Silence made reply—

"Thou can tell me—an thou wilt, Nanna."

And Nanna flushed between a sense of defeat, and of shame, unhappily uncommon.

She took up her old dairy work, doing so with an air half-defiant and as though it could be her right. Silence merely commended her.

"Thou hast na lost the knack of it, I see," said she cheerily, and accepted the service as a matter of course.

But the butter did not "come" under Nanna's hand, neither was an attempt to tend the bees successful; and both occupations were quickly abandoned.

"Tell me about thyself," said she, with a coaxing air.

"But thou can see it all," Silence answered quietly.

Not once did Nanna refer to the old days at the Farm, nor ask disturbing questions concerning her dead mother. Her mind took no deep impressions, nor carried poignant memories. Silence, on her part, was not tempted to speak.

In the end Silver felt justified in making his own inquiry; and did so at meal-time, and when he felt himself secure in the presence of his wife.

"I reckon, Nanna," said he quite abruptly, "thy husband mun be dead. I 'm feart thou 's suffered, lass?"

He spoke gently, yet heartily, as the head of the house should speak, and

found refuge from the haunting sense of mystery and danger in taking the spoon from his boy's hand and feeding him.

His question was met by a dead silence. He looked up in dismay, fearful that he had touched too roughly on a topic likely to be painful. He found that Nanna's eyelids were cast down, that a shade more color had come into her cheek, and that she mused upon his question with parted, hesitating lips. His eyes moved towards Silence; she did not help him; her hands had dropped to her knees, and she sat gazing towards the window with a far-away look.

"Dunnot say nought an thou 'd rayder not speak," put in Silver hastily.

"But I'd rather speak, Silver," said Nanna in her sweetest of tones. "My husband is not dead. Yes. I've suffered. You see, he left me."

From Silence came a long sigh.

"Aye, aye," thought she. "A lee 's a lee. It draws ither after it. Mine has laid quiet all these years; and now 'tis breeding fast."

Silver's face had crimsoned, and his eyes blazed.

"By God! I could wish I hed him here, to deal with him with my fist," he cried.

Nanna shook her head with a sad, quiet smile.

"Whist! Silver, whist!" sighed Silence from the depth of her distress.

The child, finding that the regular movement of the spoon to his mouth had ceased, whimpered.

After that, Silver thought that he read Nanna and her history; the little episode satisfied him and enhanced her. He drew conclusions which had a grain of truth, and yet erred wide from the mark. Nanna, he supposed, had married into a circle beyond their own, and had fallen from it into dire poverty. Some incredible rascal had possessed her and forsaken her.

Nanna, unconsciously, in the mere exercise of her propensities, had prepared for the part thrust upon her. She dressed with a kind of fastidious plainness, but with shades of difference from Silence. She was clever with her needle, and, not hesitating to appropriate the better parts of the wardrobe her careful mother had left behind, secretly in her bedroom snipped and altered and stitched, until she had produced two or three quiet, well-fitting gowns with just a touch of difference—a white tucker, a folded muslin kerchief, a knot of ribbon in her bosom—to set her apart from and a little above Silence. Nor had she lessened, save for those sudden burning glances, the attitude of reserve and retirement, which she had assumed towards Silver.

Her game of intrigue lightly played was skilful to perplex and intoxicate the senses of the man.

With his deep imaginative capacity he became more and more conscious of the primal emotion, unspent, unsatisfied, and very strong within. There was a flash of color and light about him, a warmth in his veins, a thrill, as though he had drunk strong wine from a full beaker. The thought of these things followed him in his hours of labor; and in sleep he did not lose them.

The year advanced and prospered. And every day the poem sang on in his brain. The real Nanna had no reference to the poem of his brain; her face was there, but the rest was dreaming fancy.

One midsummer evening, the hay being down in the field, he was uneasy under the confinement of the house, and after supper took his rake and basket to the flower-beds.

At the end of the garden was a nook retired from the house and bright with roses, pansies, and canterbury bells. The roses, white and red, would take no prize at a flower-show to-day, but

they stood for the sweet homeliness of the bloom as old England saw it. Silver had a natural love for the simple beauties of earth, and would willingly spend his leisure time amidst the innocence of flowers.

The evening was warm and full of dreamy peace; the colors of the petals burned in the rays of the setting sun; he loved the secret, quiet place, and the busy loneliness which lulled and cheated his thoughts.

Behind the bed ran a gravel path where was an old wooden seat; beyond the path, a row of sunflowers and hollyhocks was planted; and then came the thick hedge which separated both garden and orchard from the road.

As he raked and loosened the soil the smell of the earth rose up between the fragrance of the flowers. Tranquilly he worked with spade and rake at this quiet business of the evening. Then his eye caught sight of some faded blooms upon the bush of red roses, and he threw his rake aside and approached to remove them. But when he came near, the face of Nanna, rosily tinted and very exquisite in beauty, lifted itself from behind the red mass of the flowers. About her hair the evening light was folded, and her eyes, with their unfathomable look, were fixed upon him, pouring their influence into his very soul.

And into her eyes he read all the poem of his brain. For him, this was the Garden of Eden where he stood, and there the face of the first woman, primeval, mysterious, irresistible: he who beheld her was no more than Adam, the primitive man. He paused not a second; a mournful gravity settled on his features; he stepped forward, and gathering her into his arms with a low, stifled murmur of tenderness, sank upon the bench and strained her to his breast. He was conscious, through his heart and brain on fire, that the woman he held yielded

herself to his long, deep kiss in that irretrievable moment.

And then broke up this brief heaven into things inconceivable. She slipped from his arms and—lightly boxed his ears! He could hear the soft rippling malice of her laugh as she ran away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Silver was left in the garden alone. His head fell and his breast was torn by sighs. His emotion was still strong, but in his brain opened for a moment the eye of the seer. The universe was changed, and what his place within it he did not know. Neither did he know whether a snake had stung him or he had kissed the sweetest lips on earth.

He rose from the bench and left the scene of the bright flowers from which the peace had been stolen, and shame and vexed uncertainty been left behind. Out of habit, he picked up the rake and carried it to the tool-shed, and then returned to the house. But at the kitchen window he paused.

She was not there. Silence sat on a rocking-chair with the baby in her arms; the child had been fractious, and she soothed it with a lullaby, singing very low as she rocked. The boy leaned against her knee and, with engrossed face and busy fingers, examined a little wooden boat with a rag sail.

Silver turned from the window; he felt remote from these things. The box on the ears which Nanna had given him tormented his memory. Following it had leapt to his mind, with instant directness, the picture of a common and ugly scene.

In the district where he lived, if remoteness was favorable to the quiet tenor of simple lives, if it produced fine austere existences such as the Whinneys of Hauksgarth had lived for generations, or Jinny Tiffin or the Rennies, if it was even favorable to inspired lives such as John Gospel's, there were

also rougher products. Manifestations of savagery, of gross uncivilization, would occur at times, accompanied by orgies of drunkenness. In degrees more permanent though less unpleasantly striking, vice and roguish practices indicated the presence of a viated under-rabble. Nasshiter did not stand alone; he could find something of his own level in the human nature around.

Silver was aware of these things. On market days, when the business at Kendal was over, on the homeward journey there would be coarse scenes in the lanes. He was familiar with the signs of light behavior. In particular, at the season of the Wakes, he had seen the "fellies" kiss the girls, and the girls box their ears and run away—and linger to be caught again.

Such was the common picture which, after Nanna's act, ill-matched indeed to the desolating disturbance, the heights and depths of his gloomy and poetic passion, most miserably obtruded itself upon his mind. The act had followed on the great disastrous moment of his life when, for love of her, he broke with a fine and creditable past.

He faltered over the thought, reperusing the memory with laborious stumbling effort, as though it were some hard sentence in a language imperfectly understood.

It was a poignant wretchedness, and obsessed his brain.

Next day he rose early to his work and pursued the normal course. All morning he was in the fields, working at the hay harvest with the smell of the dry grass in his nostrils and the sun on his cheek. But there was no wholesome gladness in his heart because the earth had yielded her fruit; he was trembling at the thought of the midday meal, and meeting the woman's eyes. Since his act, a change, vast and mysterious, had passed upon her:

she was part of the act. He no longer called her by name.

She was not at table when he went to the house, and he asked no question of Silence, but tasted a little relief.

When evening came he wondered what he should find: the universe was changed for him, and he looked for some reflection of the change, in things around him. There was none. Silence kept the same harmonious note of quietude; and the children knew nothing but fatherhood, motherhood, home, and peace. Nanna was the same. That perplexed him. His heart had rocked when she entered the kitchen. She took no notice of his presence, did not glance his way. Her dress was scrupulously plain, her very hair demure; as before, in her habit was just the little touch that differentiated her from Silence. She went about helping Silence, doing this more diligently, he fancied, than she was wont; her easy ordinary behavior made him ask himself if he had dreamed.

But suddenly he saw there was a difference—one secret to himself and her. In the white kerchief, nestling near her wonderful white, rounded throat, was a red rose from the bush at the end of the garden; there it glowed and twinkled, and as she came and went, threw out rich warm odors. Once more the atmosphere was in a flame.

His eye fell on Silence. He thought he would rise and leave the kitchen. Thus carried, was not the flower an offence to her? His chin dropped to his breast; he could not follow Silence with his glance as he was wont; he sat staring at the ground, undecided what he should do. And Nanna came and went with light, busy steps, shaking the smell from the rose with every movement.

Then a strange thing happened.

In a corner of the kitchen near the bureau sat his son at a small table, on a little wooden chair. He had his porringer and spoon before him, and Silence brought him porridge and a little sweet stuff for his childish palate.

“Oo-oo-oo!” said he, rounding his ruddy lips for his cry of joy; and took up the spoon with a shout.

Silence had the baby girl on her arm as she ministered to the boy; she smiled cheerily as he shouted, and left him to his happy work.

Then with a sudden light impulse, Nanna darted forward and knelt by the boy’s side, enveloping him with her arms and figure, bending her bright head close to his, and the glow of her cheek, and the rose in her kerchief. She lifted the spoon and began to feed the child.

All this was in the eye of Silver, who sat directly opposite, staring heavily at her. And in a moment, a kind of turmoil ensued. Silence sprang towards him, threw the baby into his arms, then ran to the corner where were Nanna and the boy. Without a word, but with strange resolution, she swept up the porringer and the spoon in one hand, and with the other roughly drew the child away, and bore him, kicking and resisting, into the back kitchen, and closed the door. Never in his life before had he seen such fire and decision in the movements of his wife.

A deep silence ensued in the kitchen. Silver lifted up the baby and buried his face in the folds of the little frock; she cooed responsively and snatched at his hair.

From Nanna’s corner came a faint disconcerted giggle.

Emma Brooke.

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

In all the mass of literature that has been given to the world on Shakespeare and on his works, the poet's connection with Warwickshire has, comparatively speaking, been hardly noticed—that deep-rooted connection, that savor of the soil, which actually molds a man's speech and ways of thought, which is almost as much a part of his being as the tendencies he inherits with the blood that runs in his veins. And, bearing this in mind with regard to Shakespeare, we too may find a cipher—far more simple, yet of far deeper interest and import than any discovered by the upholders of that singular bit of folly known as the Baconian theory. It is a cipher that may be traced in all his plays and poems, telling us that Shakespeare was a Warwickshire man, using Warwickshire words, speaking of Warwickshire ways, often writing of the very men and women he had known from his babyhood on the outskirts of the Forest of Arden.

Thousands of pilgrims, English and American, foreign and colonial, find their way every year to the sleepy little market town among the peaceful Avon meadows, and pour through the kitchen and the house-place of the old half-timbered house in Henley Street, where, in the oak-floored upper room, England's greatest poet was born on the 23rd of April 1564. Thousands visit the old sandstone church among the lime and elm trees beside the silvery Avon, where, on the 26th of April, 1616, "William Shakespeare, gentleman," was buried. But how few ever dream of really exploring the country Shakes-

peare loved so well and observed so closely—that quiet, placid, old-world Warwickshire where his youth and his prime were spent. If we would add a fresh delight to our study of Shakespeare's works, we must go out into the villages round about his native place; villages that he knew so well, with ancient, half-timbered houses that his eyes have looked upon. We must notice the names on the wagons that pass us on the shady roads—Hacket and Visor, Perkes and Jakes—whose owners still live in cosy red-brick or gray-stone farms, or sunny manor houses. We must listen to the speech which he spoke; for the very words which sometimes puzzle the student are still in use among the country folk. And when next we read our great master, we shall find we know more of Shakespeare than endless commentaries can teach us.

Without indulging in the vulgar and morbid curiosity which is always demanding "personal details," it is but natural that we should crave to know something of the elusive personality of William Shakespeare—to know what manner of man this supreme genius was, how he lived, and what he did. And in spite of the oft-repeated assertion that nothing is known and that nothing can be known of Shakespeare the man, I venture to maintain that we may obtain a very sufficient knowledge of our great poet's life in Warwickshire from three sources. First, there are the established facts that no one can dispute. Secondly, there are the traditions that have been handed down through three centuries. Thirdly, there are the evidences in his writings of his intimate connection with Warwickshire as apart from the rest of England, its customs, its traditions, its people, its speech.

To begin with facts. Everyone knows, or is supposed to know, that William Shakespeare was born at Stratford, the son of John Shakespeare, at that time a prosperous burgess, who carried on a glove and wool trade, and rose a few years later to be chamberlain and high-bailiff (or mayor) of the town, and of Mary Arden, his wife, who had inherited from her father, Robert Arden, of Aston Cantlowe and Snitterfield, a considerable amount of landed property, including Ashbles, the farm at Wilmcote hard by, now known as Starve-all. The Ardens were Warwickshire gentry of good standing, connected by marriage with many of the best county families. Mary Shakespeare's grandfather was a younger brother of Sir John Arden, of Parkhall. Therefore on his mother's side the poet came of undoubtedly gentle blood. That John and Mary Shakespeare were unable to sign their own names was but a small matter in those days, and seems to have made no difference to the evident esteem of their fellow-townsmen, even in the worst days of their misfortunes. We know further that in 1582 the Bishop of Worcester granted a license for the marriage of William Shakespeare, then barely nineteen years old, with Anne Hathaway, daughter of a substantial yeoman of Shottery, about a mile across the fields from the town. Then at Stratford his three children, Susanna, and the twins Hamnet and Judith, were born. That in 1597 he bought New Place for 60*l.* That in 1602, the year that *Hamlet* was entered in Stationers' Register, its creator bought 107 acres in the parish of Old Stratford for 320*l.*; and in 1605, purchased a lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe for 440*l.* That in 1608 his grandchild, daughter of Susanna and Dr. John Hall, was born. That early in the fatal year of 1616 his daughter

Judith was married; on the 25th of March he made his will; and on the 23rd of April, the anniversary of his birth, Shakespeare died. These are the main facts of the poet's life in Warwickshire, except one I will mention later on. Those known of his life in London do not come into our present subject.

The two chief traditions which have survived about Shakespeare—neither of them strictly creditable, but both essentially human—are, curiously enough, connected with the country round Stratford rather than with the town itself. The first is the well-known deer-stealing story, told by Rowe, his earliest biographer. How that Shakespeare fell into ill-company and stole a deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, four miles from Stratford. And how Sir Thomas, a very important personage, prosecuted him with such severity that he had to fly from his wrath and take refuge in London: but not before he had written an insulting lampoon on the worthy Justice, punning on his name and on the "luces" or pike-fish in his coat of arms, which he stuck up on Sir Thomas's new park gates. Whatever elaborations or inaccuracies have crept into the story, there can be little doubt that some substance of truth exists in it. Some serious fracas must have made it necessary for Shakespeare to withdraw for a time from Stratford. And that he bore a grudge against Sir Thomas Lucy is equally evident from the fashion in which the poet has handed down his memory under the guise of Justice Shallow. For he takes delight in making that gentleman ridiculous before the Queen in the well-known scenes in *King Henry IV.*, Part II., and in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Justice Shallow also owns "luces" in his coat of arms; and the Welsh person, Sir Hugh Evans, misunderstands the word in exactly the same sense

that Shakespeare used in the traditional lampoon. This whole delightful scene is, moreover, full of allusions to Warwickshire matters. There is Slender's inquiry about Page's fallow greyhound—"I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall"—at the great coursing matches which took place on the Cotswold Hills, but a few miles from Stratford. And of Bardolf, too, Chamberlain of Stratford in 1585-6, the poet may not have been too fond, as he makes him one of Falstaff's "coney-catching rascals"; while Bardolf calls Slender a "Banbury cheese," in allusion to his thinness; for Banbury cheese was a proverbially thin cream cheese well known in all the country round.

Sir Thomas Lucy, a strong Puritan, was about this time engaged in framing a Bill in Parliament for the preservation of game. In 1574 he added a new porch to his beautiful house—one of the most perfect of the smaller Elizabethan houses in existence—to turn it, after the courtly fashion of the day, into a capital E, in honor of the Queen's visit. And just before Shakespeare's flight to London he had enclosed his park, and put up new park gates to keep in his herd of deer. He also had some jurisdiction over Fulbrooke Park just across the river, then ruinate, its owner, Sir Francis Englefield, attainted in the Lady Jane Grey conspiracy, having fled to Spain. Here also were deer which any enterprising sportsman could hunt. And this renders it probable that the famous deer-stealing took place in Fulbrooke Park, a much less serious offence, which would explain the fact of Shakespeare being able to escape to London. For, if he had been convicted of stealing a deer from Charlecote, an enclosed park, he would have been subjected to three months' imprisonment, to treble damages, and to find bail for seven years.

And as Fulbrooke was close to Ingon Meadow, the little farm rented by his father, Shakespeare must have known his way about it well, and may have had many a fat buck out of its half-wild herd.

It should be remembered that the Forest of Arden stretched away for twenty miles north of Stratford; and, though forest farms and arable land were encroaching year by year on the wilder parts, the whole country was densely wooded, deer abounding in the forest proper. And all his plays bear evidence that the poet was a master of sporting and woodcraft, as well as of the minutiae of forest rights and forest laws. Throughout the purlieus or wide marches on the outskirts of the forest, for instance, the forest laws were only partially in force, while the more important rights of individual owners were fully recognized and established. Hence it happened that Corin's master, dwelling, as Rosalind put it, "here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat," would sell "his cote, his flock, and bounds of feed," and that she and Celia were able to purchase "the cottage, the pasture, and the flock." For private owners in the purlieus had to relinquish their common rights, and the bounds of feed for sheep were strictly limited, the flocks being carefully shepherded by day and folded at night; all which points are faithfully noted by Shakespeare. Can we doubt that Shakespeare himself, like Jacques in that same Forest of Arden, often

Lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps
out
Upon the brook that brawls along this
wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered
stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en
a hurt,
Did come to languish,

or that he had "groped for trout in a peculiar river"—one of the charming trout streams that run from the Worcestershire hills into the Avon Valley? Or that he "knew a hawk from a handsaw"? for he had watched the young herons, the "hernshaws" as they are still called there, flap up slowly from the Avon banks, tuck back their long necks on their wings, and sail off to the nearest heronry. Can we doubt that he had hunted the hare as in that marvellous description in *Venus and Adonis*? and marked

The poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.
And here again Shakespeare uses a local word; for a *muse* or *muset* signifies the opening in a fence through which a hare passes.

The other tradition which has held its own despite all ridicule is even less creditable than the deer-stealing. But we may believe that Shakespeare, like his own Prince Hal, in his youth at times "obscured his contemplation under the veil of wildness." Though we also know that, like the Prince, when he came into his kingdom and found his life's work "his wildness mortified in him." For Chettle, who had edited Green's *Groatsworth of Wit*, containing some offensive allusions to Marlowe and Shakespeare, apologized liberally to Shakespeare a few months later in 1592, in the preface to *Kind-Hart's Dreame*; saying that at that time he knew neither Marlowe nor Shakespeare, and that he does not now care to make Marlowe's acquaintance: but that as to Shakespeare, "I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his

demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

The tradition has to do with a region but little known even to the dwellers in South Warwickshire, still less to the ordinary visitor to Stratford. About eight miles down the Avon from Stratford lies the well-to-do, red-roofed village of Bidford, with its fine old bridge that carried the Roman road, the Icknield Street, over the river. Hither, it would appear, Shakespeare with a company of friends came one fine day, walking over Bordon Hill by the pleasant Evesham Road, to drink a match with one of the local clubs at the Falcon, where mine host, one Norton, brewed a famous ale. So powerful was Norton's ale that when Shakespeare and his friends set out to walk home they got no further than the hill above Bidford, and there lay down under a crab-tree and fell asleep. When they were awakened next morning by a ploughboy whistling as he went to work with his team, the friends wished to go back and begin over again. But Shakespeare had had enough of the carouse, and pointing with his finger he refused, saying he had drunk with

Piping Pebworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dadging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bidford.

Whether the story be true or false, the eight villages from time immemorial have been strung together in the dear old rhyming jangle; the Shakespearean epithets are still commonly applied to them, even by the country folk; and from the spot where the crab-tree stood they can all be seen, lying geographically in the same order as in the rhyme, beginning with Pebworth on

the south-east, the direction in which a man would naturally look on waking to see how high the sun was. The crab-tree was a well-known object, described a hundred and sixty years ago as "Shakespeare's Canopy"; and an honored Warwickshire friend, who knew every corner of his native county, informed me that he saw it standing when he was a small boy, before it was cut down in 1825 and its roots and stump removed to Bidford Grange. "Piping Pebworth," a charming little village of sixteenth-century houses smothered in roses, is even now said to be much addicted to music. "Dancing Marston" was famed all through the country as late as 1830 for its celebrated morris-dancers, who used to go about dancing at all the wakes and fairs in the neighborhood; and in *The Winter's Tale*, so redolent of the freshness of his native county, Shakespeare introduces just such a company as those Marston dancers he must have seen many a time. At "Haunted Hillborough" I have failed to find any ghost. But Grafton, standing on one of the many ridges of the district, well deserves its title of "Hungry," from the poor soil about it. "Dadging Exhall," a dozen cottages and farmhouses, some of fine sixteenth-century brick-and-timber work, stands on another of these ridges. The exact meaning of the adjective has given rise to some controversy. It is written in various ways—"dadging," "dudging," "dudg-eon"; while Mr. J. R. Wise, in his painstaking little book on *Shakespeare's Birthplace and Neighborhood*—now extremely rare—has altered it to "dodging," because he says the place is so hard to find. Others have suggested "drudging," in reference to the heavy soil through which men and horses toil at plough. But I believe the true solution to be that "dadging" is a slight corruption of the South Worcestershire word "dagged," which means dirty,

and would therefore apply equally well to the stiff clay of the place. "Papist Wixford" has belonged from time immemorial to the Catholic family of Throckmorton. And Broom is indeed a beggarly little place, a group of poor, tumbledown old houses beside the river Arrow.

Bidford, a charming type of the Avon Valley, as distinct from the stone-built villages of the high ground of Worcestershire that begin a few miles off, was part of King John's dower to his daughter Joan on her betrothal to Llewellyn. The Falcon Inn is a fine old house, with mullioned windows of white stone and handsome brick chimneys, some of them set on cornerwise to the stacks—a never-failing mark of the first years of the seventeenth century. It has long ceased from its ancient use. The oak table has been transferred to the more modern White Lion; and the chair in which tradition says that Shakespeare sat at his drinking bout is shown at his birthplace. Far be it from us to say that Bidford still deserves its unenviable reputation. But in the early years of the seventeenth century the county records show that the alehouse-keepers were continually in scrapes and appearing at the Warwick Sessions. Norton, who is said to have been host of the Falcon at the time of Shakespeare's carouse, was evidently celebrated for the strength of his ale. His house was a noted place of meeting later on among the gentlemen of the neighborhood. And Sir Aston Cokain, in his *Small Poems*, published in 1658, addresses an epigram to Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincot, referring to Christopher Sly and to Norton:

Shakespeare your Wincot ale hath
much renown'd
That foxed a beggar so (by chance was
found
Sleeping) that there needed not many
a word

To make him believe he was a lord:
But you affirm, and in it seem most
eager,
'Twill make a lord as drunk as any
beggar.
Did Norton brew such ale as Shakes-
peare fancies
Could put Kit Sly into such lordly
trances?
And let us meet there for a fitt of
gladness
And drink ourselves merry in sober
sadness.

This was written, it should be remembered, in the lifetime of Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith Quiney, and of his granddaughter, Lady Barnard; which adds to the probability of some foundation for the Bidford story. For Sir Aston Cokain must have known my Lady Barnard, a person of considerable importance as the owner of New Place, where she had received Queen Henrietta Maria for three weeks some years before; and being her neighbor, Sir Aston Cokain was not likely to invent facts or fancies about her grandfather, who by that time was honored, even in his own country.

We now come to the evidence in Shakespeare's writings of his close connection with Warwickshire—its people, its customs, its speech and local events. All through the plays and poems we may find Warwickshire words and allusions. But in some they specially abound, beginning with *Venus and Adonis*, and with *Love's Labor's Lost* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in his early comedies; the first and second parts of *King Henry the Fourth*, *King Henry the Fifth*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *As You Like It*, in the middle period of history and comedy; and *The Tempest* and *Winter's Tale* in his last years. Many of the words and allusions that might puzzle a "Southron" are, to the dweller in Warwickshire, "familiar as household words." And in some cases the local usage and

meaning serves to throw light on an obscure line.

The housewife uses Lucio's words (*M. for M.*) when she talks of filling a bottle with a *tun-dish* instead of a funnel. She *scills* her kitchen or dairy, flooding it with water on cleaning days (*Henry V.*, iii. 1). When the kettle is black with soot, she calls it *collied* for coal-black, as does Lysander (*M. N. D.*, i. 1)—

Brief as the lightning in the collied
night.

She *douts* the fire at night (*Hamlet*, i. 4). She complains of a *utis* after the village club-feast or merrymaking—a loud, riotous noise, the prospect of which rejoiced the drawer at the Boar's Head in East Cheap—"By the Mass, here will be old *utis*" (*2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4). And scolds the children for *mammocking*—cutting to pieces and wasting—their bread, as young Marcus mammocked the butterfly (*Cor.* i. 3); or for threatening to tear each other *limmel*—limb from limb—in their quarrels (*Cymb.* ii. 4); and shows the girls how to use their *nild*. The word "needle" used in the Globe and some other editions, instead of the old word *needl* or *neel*, completely spoils the rhythm of the lines in *King John* (v. 2) and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (iii. 2)—

Their thimbles into armed gauntlets
change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle
hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

And again—

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one
flower.

The Warwickshire man talks of the leader and shaft-horse of his team as his *fore-horse* (*All's Well*, ii. 1), and *thiller*—the *fill-horse* of Old Gobbo (*M. of V.*, ii. 2). At Ettington he *swinges* a pig, though he *singes* a horse. He goes

out *bat-fowling* in the long dark autumn evenings. And uses the verb *to incense*, not in its ordinary meaning, but to convey the idea of imparting knowledge, "I will *incense* him of it"; as in *Henry VIII.*, v. 1, "I have incensed the lords o' the Council." He uses Katherine's words about Cupid (*L. L. L.*, v. 2) when he talks of some impish, mischievous boy as a "gallus little chap." As the sea in *The Tempest* (i. 1) he *gluts* or *glutches* when he swallows with an effort. He *hefts* a heavy weight (*W. T.*, ii. 1); talks as Bourbon (*Hen. V.*, iii. 5) of buying a *slobbery* or *slobberdy* and dirty farm; and of a *sniping* or *sneaping* frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

(*L. L. L.*, i. 1).

His cider is *ropy* or thick; and his boys call the hedgehog an *urchin*, and set up a *malkin*, or, as they pronounce it, a *mawkin*, instead of a scarecrow in the fields. And in this sense I venture to think the word is used in *Pericles* (iv. 3):

Whilst ours was blurted out and held
a malkin

Not worth the time of day.

The school-children little dream when they make whistles out of the hollow hemlock stalks they call *kecks*, that they use the very word Shakespeare puts into Burgundy's mouth in his magnificent description of France, wasted by war (*Hen. V.*, v. 2):

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-
pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumi-
tory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter
rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;

The even mead, that erst brought
sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green
clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected,
rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing
teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keck-
sies, burrs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

In these lines, besides the *kecksies* and the "hedges even *pleach'd*"—a Warwickshire hedger still *pleaches* the top of his hedge—an epithet is used, and it occurs again in *King Lear*, which would be absurd in the southern counties, when Shakespeare speaks of "rank fumitory." All through the South of England a more harmless little corn-field weed could not be found; but on the heavy soil of the Midlands it is positively "rank" and becomes a formidable field pest. Again, the crops of rye largely grown round Stratford in spring-time, not for grain, but to feed the cattle, are high enough to shelter the "pretty country folks" on a sunny day.

Stratford lies just on the edge of the great fruit-growing district of the Avon Valley; and, as might be expected, we find plenty of local names among Shakespeare's fruits which still obtain in Warwickshire. Justice Shallow's *leather-coats* are a brown russet apple peculiar to the neighbourhood of Stratford. At Cleeve and Littleton the *bitter-sweeting*, about which Romeo and Mercutio bandy witty words (*R. and J.*, ii. 4), is still prized as a cider apple. The *Apple-Johns* that Sir John Falstaff "could not abide" (2 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 4) may still be found at "Dancing Marston." And I learnt from a Warwickshire friend that a large yellow wild apple, tempting to look at and horribly sour to taste, grows below Edge Hill which exactly answers to Holofernes' pedantic description of "the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in

the ear of celo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soill, the land, the earth" (*L. L. L.*, iv. 2). The *warden pie* of the Clown in the *Winter's Tale* (iv. 2) caused me considerable trouble, as, according to the painstaking Mr. J. R. Wise, "the warden pear or hard-warden still grows in the hedgerows, and is used for warden pies called warden cobs." No one on the Warwick and Leamington side of the county seemed to know anything about them; but, happening to ask an Alcester man in our employ, he told me he knew warden pears well in that part of the county.

We should also note the Warwickshire names given by Shakespeare to many of his characters. "Sir Rowland de Boys" has evidently been named from one of the four Sir Ernold or Arnold de Boys of Weston-in-Arden. "William Visor of Woncot" was a neighbor of the Ardens, and so was "Marion Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot"; for Wincot, Woncot, and Wilmote are all one and the same place. And Shakespeare must have known every turn of the quarrel between William Visor and Clement Perkes of the Hill; his first cousin Robert Webbe having married a daughter of John Perkes of Snitterfield; while Cherry Orchard Farm at Weston, two miles from Stratford, is still known as the "Hill" Farm. Visor and Perkes, Hacket and Jacques or Jakes, are all well-known names in the county to this day. *Poins* or *Pointz* was an ancestor of the Spencer family. *Peto* or *Peyto* was owner of Chesterton between Stratford and Banbury, and ancestor of the present Lord Willoughby de Broke. George *Catesby*, son of King Richard's favorite, married Elizabeth Empson, who afterwards married Sir Thomas Lucy. A *Dumbleton* was living in Stratford in 1550. *Bardolf*, as I have already said, was

Chamberlain in 1585-6; and *Fluellen*, recusant in 1592. As to an old friend, *Christopher Sly*, he was an actual contemporary of Shakespeare's, and is mentioned in Greene's MS. Diary, under the date the 2nd of March 1615-16; while Barton-on-the-Heath, his home, lies a few miles south-east of the town.

Besides these Warwickshire words and names, we find references to other local matters in the plays. And first among these comes an undoubted reminiscence of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated visit to Lord Leycester at Kenilworth in 1575. The poet was then eleven years old; and as John Shakespeare was evidently fond of amusement—for it was during the first year of his mayoralty, 1586, that "he brought players into the town and inaugurated dramatic performances at the Guildhall"—there can be no reasonable doubt that he and his boy were among the crowds of spectators at Kenilworth, ten miles or so from Stratford. And certain actual details of those famous revels, besides allusions to the relations between the Queen and Leycester, are to be found in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (ll. 1), accurately described by Oberon to Puck. Another allusion is that by Sir John Falstaff (*2 Hen. IV.*, ll. 4) to Tewkesbury mustard; for Tewkesbury was so famous in those days for the pungency of its mustard balls that they gave rise to a proverb applied to pert young fellows, "He looks as if he lived on Tewkesbury mustard."

But the most curious allusion of all is to be found in *Troilus and Cressida* (iii. 3), where Ulysses ends his appeal to Achilles with the words, "The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break." The incident, which must have been a matter of common gossip throughout all the region, actually took place under the eyes of Robert Armin, who was later one of Shakespeare's fellow-actors at the Globe Theatre.

In 1600 he published a curious little book, called *Foole upon Foole, or Six Sortes of Sottes*, by "Clonico del Curtanio Snuffe." It was republished in 1605 as the work of "Clonico del Mendo Snuffe"; and when in 1608 he re-edited it under the delightful title of the *Nest of Ninnies* he openly acknowledged the authorship. In it he tells the story of Jack Millar, the favorite fool of Evesham. How one winter, when Lord Chandos of Sudely's players came to the town, Jack not a little loved these entertainments, and specially attached himself to the Clown, "whom he would embrace with a joyful spirit, and call him Grumball." And when the players moved on to Pershore

Jacke swore he would go all the world over with Grumball, that he would. It was there a great frost now begun, and the haven [Avon] was frozen over thinly: but here is the wonder. The gentleman that kept the Hart, an inn in the town whose back windows looked to the way that led to the riverside to Partiar [Pershore], lockt Jacke up in a chamber next the haven where he might see the players go by; and they of the town, loathe to lose his company, desired to have it so; but he, I say, seeing them go by, creeps to the window, and said, "I come to thee, Grumball." The players stood still to see further. He got down very dangerously, and makes no more ado, but boldly ventures over the haven, which is by the long bridge, as I guess some forty yards over;—tut—he made nothing of it, but my heart ached to see it, and my ears heard the ice crack all the way. When he was come to them I was amazed, and took up a brick-bat, which no sooner fell upon the ice but it burst. Was not this strange that a fool of thirty years was borne of that ice which would not endure the fall of a brick-bat? . . . That this is true my eyes were witnesses, being thereby.

Here, then, we find corroborative evidence that

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

"When the wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear," is the season of all others for a reverent pilgrimage through the country Shakespeare knew and loved so well—the land of his birth, to which he returned when he was prosperous and wealthy, and which was ever present in his mind and affection. In late April, his own month, in which he was born, in which he died, and for which he seems to have had a special fondness—dwelling on it with cunning epithets, "spongy April," "proud-pied April"—Warwickshire is at its best. Then go up the little hill of Welcombe to the "Dingles"—a winding, grass-grown gully, with fine old gnarled and twisted thorns along it. It is classic ground. Those ancient thorns were growing there in Shakespeare's time. And that he loved the spot is one of those rare facts that we know positively about him. Many a time must he have wandered up the path from Stratford, as the townsfolk do now on Sunday, and looked over the peaceful vale, on his way to Clopton House to see his friend John Coombe; or to Ingon Meadow, his father's little farm; or up to Snitterfield, where his uncle Henry Shakespeare still lived in the big farm he rented from the Ardens.

It was all wild forest land, an outlying bit of the Forest of Arden. And when, in 1614, an attempt was made to enclose Welcombe, the Corporation of Stratford opposed the project on the ground of hardship to the poor; and we find Shakespeare resisting the encroachment with all the vigor of a modern preserver of open spaces. His cousin Thomas Greene, the town clerk of Stratford, being in London on the business, consulted him about it. And then it was that Greene made the well-known entry in his diary on the 17th of November 1614:

My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday into town, I went to see him how he did. He told me they assured him they meant to enclose no further than to Gospell Bush, and so up straight (leaving out part of the Dingles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisbury's piece; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then give satisfaction and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.

But the next year the matter had not been dropped; and we find this further pathetic entry in Greene's diary on the 1st of September 1615. "Mr. Shakespeare told Mr. J. Greene that he was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe." It seems, however, that Shakespeare in those six months that remained to him of life, fought the enclosure successfully. The whole episode is a "touch of nature" that brings one closer to the man; and only those who have groaned over the enclosure of some beloved bit of woodland by the nineteenth-century barbarians can fully appreciate the poet's righteous indignation against the vandals of 1615.

Very lovely is that far-stretching view on which Shakespeare must so often have looked from Welcombe, where the wild cherries make a rampart of white against the "Warwickshire weed"—the great elms all flushing with tender vivid green. Stratford, with its church spire rising sharp and clear, nestles under the hill in a cloud of white blossom from apple, pear, and plum. Through the wide, flat valley—the Folden of Warwickshire—the Avon's course is marked by soft, glaucous-green globes of budding willows. And the eye wanders across long lines of elms, intersecting hedge-rows, gentle undulations, distant villages, and flowery orchards, to the blue

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wall of the Cotswolds that bounds the southern horizon.

Well may we call this pleasant country classic ground. For between the old villages of the rhyme on the west, and Charlecote to the north-east with its "lutes" on gate and scutcheon, and its deer whose ancestor Shakespeare stole, feeding under the giant elms, lies the land where Orlando carved Rosalind's name on every tree; where Jacques moralized; where Falstaff stole Justice Shallow's deer and ate his "leather-coats"; and Christopher Sly called for a pot of small ale instead of a cup of sack. Here may we find the mossy bank where Titania stuck musk-roses in the ass's sleek, smooth head. Here the wood swept by the hounds of Sparta with gallant chiding, till

The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Here is the land where the "saltiers" danced at "our sheep-shearing," and the delightful rogue Autolycus sang

When daffodils begin to peer;
and where, with pretty Perdita, we gather

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

As we look on the same rich, peaceful land he looked on, we come closer to "William Shakespeare, gentleman." And while we bow before the transcendent genius of the poet, we grow to love the man, of whom "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art."

Rose G. Kingsley.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

More than seven years have elapsed since the contents of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' unique testament were made known to the world; the educational endowment which constituted its most striking feature is already in the sixth year of its full operation; yet, such is the magic influence of its founder's memory, that the Rhodes Scholarship Scheme still commands a great deal of public attention, and the problems and complexities which arise in the course of its actual administration bid fair to become a fruitful source of heated controversies.

The Rhodes Trustees have uniformly abstained from participating in the discussions which have been raised from time to time in the daily and monthly press. At the end of each academic year they issue an official report; but this report never contains anything of a controversial nature. There is no attempt to color the bald statement of results achieved, or to estimate the part which the Scholarship Endowment is destined to play in furthering the cherished ideals of its founder. "The time is not yet ripe for telling how far the Scheme is carrying out the objects which Mr. Rhodes had in view."

Such being the attitude of those who are responsible for the administration of the Trust, it may seem presumptuous in the present writer to rush in where they have feared to tread. But the silence of the Trustees has given other persons an opportunity of circulating erroneous ideas concerning the actual position of affairs, and this article may serve some little purpose if it checks, however slightly, the further reproduction of their misleading assertions. Should it, perchance, fall out that its author, like Don Quixote of old, is really tilting at a wind-mill, and exposing himself to some hard knocks for his temerity, he must take refuge in

the paradoxical plea, that for the most part, he is not prepared to justify his statements by the unanswerable logic of statistics. The conclusions set out below are the result of close personal observation; but lay claim to no higher value than that which is usually attached to vague "general impressions."

I. *The influence of the Rhodes scholars upon Oxford.*

A few months after the first Rhodes scholars arrived in England, one of their number permitted himself to give public utterance to his views on this subject, and his remarks were duly reported in the columns of the *Times*. He enumerated various blemishes which he and his fellows had discovered in Oxford life when they first obtained admission to the undergraduate body; he then went on to intimate the beneficial character of the influence which the Rhodes scholars had exerted by enunciating the simple formula: "We have changed all that." Whether his statement was intended seriously or not, it fairly represents the attitude of many ill-informed persons who have given currency to their views upon Oxford and the Rhodes scholars.

It affords the scholars themselves no little amusement to read from time to time, in the daily newspapers, that they have been so arduous in the pursuit of intellectual distinctions that even the ordinary undergraduate has been shamed into adopting regular habits of systematic work. This is not the place to combat the accuracy of the statement itself. That is a question which must be postponed till we come to deal with the influence of Oxford on the Rhodes scholars—for a reason which will then be fairly obvious. At present we are concerned only with the attitude of mind which this assertion illustrates. Consider for a moment that

the Rhodes scholars in residence at any given time number 180 out of a total of more than 3000 men; remember, in addition, that this small group of 180 men cannot gather strength by *acting as a body*, for they meet together only at the Rhodes Scholar Banquet once a year. It is obvious that as *Rhodes scholars* their influence can be practically *nil*, whatever may be their influence as *individuals* upon the small circle of undergraduates with which they come into contact.

Having said so much, it might appear that the present topic has already been exhausted; yet, strangely enough, there still remains a good deal to be said.

In the first place, it would seem that the presence of the Rhodes scholars is helping, however slightly, to promote a movement which has grown up within the last decade or so, viz., the tendency towards the democratization of the University at large. This statement does not imply that the Rhodes scholars are making Oxford something which it might not have become but for their advent. They are too small a body to originate an independent movement. It does not imply that the Rhodes scholars are a set of young barbarians such as Oxford feared she might be called upon to civilize when the terms of Cecil Rhodes' last will were published to the world. But it does imply that they are contributing, in a very minor way, to the promotion of a tendency which is radically transforming the character of Oxford University. In former times an Oxford education was regarded simply as a part in the life training of the ordinary man of wealth and social standing. Oxford is rapidly ceasing to be the exclusive playground of the idle rich. The majority of those who come up to Oxford now-a-days look upon their university course as the first rung in the ladder of ambition, and hope to make their

progress upward in the wider sphere of the outer world after they go down both certain and easy, by winning distinction in the Oxford Honor Lists. Though many fall away from this ideal almost as soon as they have entered upon their college life, their attitude towards the University and the various phases of its activity is different from that of the men who came up a generation since; and their change of attitude is fundamentally altering the character and tone of the academic atmosphere. One does not wish to raise the question whether the new type of undergraduate is better or worse than the old. He is merely a different type; and since the undergraduate really determines the main current of academic feelings and influences, the change of type in the undergraduate body is exercising an extraordinary influence upon Oxford life. Now, the Rhodes scholars are pre-eminently men of the new type; they look upon their Oxford career as a means to a greater end; they hope to lay in Oxford the foundation of a successful political or professional career in the broader world to which they must ultimately return. It is not worth their while to come from the other side of the world merely to waste three years in idleness and vanity. Many among them fall victims to the enervating spirit of the place after their arrival; but the fact that they do come up to the University filled with the new ideal, enables them to press forward the general movement of their age and generation. The "Oxford Tutors" have declared that the University must become a democratic body, throw wider her doors and extend her educational system because the nation is clamoring for admission to her ranks. The truth of this assertion cannot be contested; but it is only a part of the truth. It is not the nation, but the Empire, the whole world which is contributing to the undergrad-

uate body of the new University that is even now growing up before our eyes.

In the second place, there appears to be a danger that the existence of the Rhodes Scholarship Foundation may be used by the reform party as an argument for the extension of University teaching in certain definite directions. Some time before the reform movement became at all acute, a statement appeared in the public press to the effect that the advent of the Rhodes scholars had brought to light certain grave deficiencies in the instruction which the University provides. An authority too high for mention has unfortunately lent some countenance to this bald assertion; and its accuracy is now taken very much for granted. The statement ought not to pass unquestioned, because it is not only misleading in itself, but calculated to prejudice the successful operation of the Scholarship Fund. It will be shown later that the presence of 180 Rhodes men, possessing an aggregate income of £60,000 per annum, has really brought no access of financial stability to the various Oxford colleges. If we add to this admission the further assertion that these 180 men are *creating* a demand for special teaching, which the University is now expected to provide for their sole or chief benefit, we pass on to the natural inference that Oxford could very well afford to dispense with the Rhodes scholars. The inference, though natural, is utterly erroneous, because the assertion under investigation does not represent the true state of the case. One may therefore be excused for protesting with all due humility, but nevertheless with strenuous conviction, against the tacit assumption of its accuracy. The real position may be summed up in the following propositions—

(1) In the first place, *it is not true that the Rhodes scholars have created such a demand for additional instruction*

that the University ought to consider itself in any way bound to provide for their peculiar needs. The slightest reference to the proportion which their numbers bear to the whole undergraduate body would show the manifest absurdity of any such assertion. If it be remembered that two-thirds of the 180 Rhodes scholars take the ordinary courses for the Honor Schools and would continue to take them though the teaching capacity of the University were extended in many new directions, one begins to suspect that the statement in question arises from that common delusion of mistaking "the small fly on the window-pane for the black ox in the distant plain."

(2) In the second place, *if the University decides—apart from any consideration of the special needs of the Rhodes men, simply upon the abstract merits of the case—that it is desirable to impart instruction in some department which has not yet been established, and decrees that the new course be established because it believes that it is capable of giving the instruction which may be required, then those who are responsible for the administration of the Rhodes Trust will gladly acknowledge that the action of the University may cause an increase in the number of the candidates from whom their scholars must be chosen.* But it does not follow that the Trustees would come under any obligation to assist in providing the instruction which the new departure would involve. The establishment of the new course would not be regarded, at the outset, as an essential element in the successful working of the Rhodes Scholarship Scheme; the Trustees draw their scholars from a field so vast, that the Scheme can still be worked, though things remain in their present condition. Neither does the admission that several Rhodes scholars have taken advantage of the creation of a new department in the University imply that the existence of

the Rhodes Endowment is any argument for the further extension of University teaching. For example, one cannot pass from the admission that a few Rhodes scholars have taken to Forestry since the establishment of the School of Rural Economy, to the further assertion that it is desirable to establish a School of Domestic Economy; such a transition might involve the untenable assumption that a number of prospective candidates for Rhodes scholarships would abstain from entering the lists, on the ground that Oxford could not train them to assume the management of their domestic arrangements when they return to their primitive wilds, and thereby set their black "gins" or red "squaws" free to play their proper part in the great movement for the emancipation of the "sex."

(3) Finally, *if after some experience of the actual operation of a new course (or, for that matter, an old one), the Trustees find that it is turned to the almost exclusive benefit of the Rhodes scholars, it might be appropriate¹ for them to consider the desirability of their contributing financially to the provision of such special teaching as the particular course may require.* It may be suggested that the Trustees do, in fact, recognize some such principle as this; they have given temporary assistance to the University for the purpose of establishing additional Lectureships in the courses for the degrees of M.B. and B.C.L., to which Rhodes scholars have flocked in considerable numbers.

II. *The influence of Oxford upon the Rhodes scholars.*

During the first few years of the actual existence of the Scheme, the position of Rhodes scholars in Oxford was by no means an enviable one. It would have been much to their advantage if they had been allowed to come unnoticed within the portals of the University. In point of fact, however, they

were introduced in every circle as specimens of that new (and almost barbarous) creature, "The Rhodes Scholar." The peculiar emphasis which was laid upon that phrase gave them an alien feeling, and put them out of touch with their surroundings. Their whole demeanor became stiff, unnatural and self-conscious. Whispered and sometimes unfriendly criticism fell upon their ears; it was, therefore, inevitable that they should assume a critical and even hostile attitude towards England in general and the English undergraduate in particular. One could not help reflecting at times that the Rhodes Scholarship Scheme might ultimately defeat the object which its founder had in view; there seemed to be some risk of its promoting discord instead of harmony between England and other countries. Happily there has now grown up an entirely different state of feeling. The original discomfort and uneasiness was due to the friction involved in setting such a vast mechanism as the Rhodes Scholarship Trust at work. The wheels of the machine have settled down in their bearings; everything runs smoothly and in its proper place. The Rhodes men are no longer regarded with a curious and critical eye. Oxford has grown used to their existence, and the newcomers drop unnoticed into their appropriate positions in the scheme of college life.

One may therefore pass on from this temporary phase to the more permanent influences under which the Rhodes scholars are likely to fall during the course of their Oxford career.

It is rather a bold assertion, and one hesitates to make it, but the idea forces itself very emphatically upon one that Oxford is imparting to the Rhodes men a higher conception of sport. This does not imply any inherent moral superiority in the English undergraduate. The difference in the sporting spirit

¹ One hesitates to use a stronger term.

which manifests itself in Oxford, on the one hand, and in the colonies or America, on the other, lies in this: that in Oxford the game is played principally for its own sake as a form of manly exercise, whereas in the colonial and American colleges and universities the game is played above all for the sake of victory and the downfall of one's opponent. But the causes of this difference do not redound entirely to the credit of the English undergraduate. The primary cause is that absence of enthusiasm for any ideal, be it great or small, which is settling like a blight upon the whole of English life. Slackness and indifference are too frequently regarded as the proper habit of mind; and undergraduates at the universities adopt this mental pose with irritating persistency. Again, the sense of patriotism to one's college is almost non-existent in Oxford, as compared with universities in the colonies or the United States. *Esprit de corps* is extraordinarily keen throughout the colonial and American collegiate bodies; the whole college thinks as one man in relation to all its sporting contests, and a defeat in the field is regarded as a direct personal humiliation by every one of its members. In Oxford, on the other hand, each game is played by its own particular set; the rest of the college takes no interest in it unless the particular match happens to be a final or semi-final in some important "tie"; and defeat certainly does not cast a gloom over the whole body. Finally, the sense of inter-collegiate rivalry is much more in evidence in the colonies and America than it is at home in England. Where university colleges do exist their number is usually small, and jealousy between the different colleges is exceedingly strong because it is much more individualized. In Oxford it is almost non-existent because the fact that the colleges are more numerous diffuses it over a wider

area. Whatever may be the explanation of the absence of this consuming desire for victory in the sporting atmosphere of the English universities, the Rhodes scholars cannot fail to gain some benefit from their experience in a place when games are regarded in the right spirit—namely, as a form of manly enjoyment—and the issue of the contest is relegated to the background as a minor and unimportant accident. They will return to their own countries with a truer appreciation of the meaning of sport, and help to correct what is a very prevalent and unpleasant feature in colonial and American sporting life.

Finally, we come to the influence which Oxford is exercising upon the Rhodes men in the more serious branch of their life and work. It has been already stated that the vast majority come up with the fixed intention of making the most of their opportunities. A careful examination of the University class and prize lists during the last four years would show that they do not carry out this resolution. It may be contended that they do at least as well as the ordinary undergraduate; to this one may fairly reply that they ought to do far better. They come to Oxford as picked men, the best that the colonies, the United States and Germany can send to us. As a body they have not done justice either to themselves or to the countries which they represent. Again, it may be contended that Cecil Rhodes did not attach exclusive importance to scholastic distinction; he indicated a clear hostility to the mere bookworm in the elaborate scheme of selection which he devised for the guidance of his Trustees; in eschewing scholastic fame the Rhodes scholars are really carrying out the wishes of their founder. To this argument one may answer that the exclusion of the "smug" does not imply that the Rhodes scholars are to be second-

rate men upon the intellectual side: they are to be *good* all-round men, distinguished alike for scholarship and for athletic ability. A recent critic attributes the failure of the Rhodes scholars in the examination schools, partly to the weakness of their elementary training before they come to Oxford, and partly to the fact that the requirement of compulsory Greek eliminates 75 per cent. of the ablest candidates. But the operation of these causes is not sufficient to account for the phenomenon in question. For the most part, the best men do come from the colonies and America, and the standard of ability is fairly high. Their lack of success in the University honor and prize lists is due to their declension from the high ideal of work which they bring with them to Oxford. One need not dwell at length upon the enervating climate of the place; though there are some who deny it, most of those who come to Oxford declare that they never feel really "fit" while they are here. In addition to this climatic feature, there are certain special influences which are peculiarly unfavorable to sustained and energetic work on the part of the Rhodes scholars. In the first place, the whole scheme of life at Oxford depends upon a nice balance of work as between vacation and term time. The man who aims at distinction in the schools must devote a considerable portion of his vacation to serious reading, if he intends to take part in the social amenities of his college during the eight weeks of term. The Rhodes scholar fits in very ill with this general arrangement. Coming from distant parts of the world as he does, it is not unnatural that he should regard the University vacations as an excellent opportunity for enlarging his ideas by continental travel. The Americans in particular have been conspicuous for their devotion to foreign expeditions; many of them appear to

look upon the Rhodes Scholarship primarily in the light of an endowment for selected tourists from the United States. One must not venture to say dogmatically that the Rhodes men who have been moderately successful at Oxford, are those who denied themselves the pleasure of visiting Paris and other places of attraction until their schools were over, for one might be called upon to produce the data which would justify this assertion. But one may affirm, without much fear of contradiction, that the Rhodes scholars would do well to refrain from regarding themselves quite so prominently as students of mankind at large. In the second place, the distractions of college life in term constitute a serious stumbling-block in the Rhodes scholars' advance along the path which leads to academic fame. The majority of the men are drawn from universities in which the corporate life of a residential college is entirely unknown. Being unused to the college system, the Rhodes scholars find it exceedingly difficult to reconcile their share in it with the performance of a reasonable amount of work. Many of them are loud in their declaration that it is quite "impossible" to make any progress with their reading while they remain in college; and there is quite a strong tendency for some of them to bury themselves in lodgings in distant parts of the town. "Impossible" is not quite the word to describe the real condition; but it is undoubtedly that a man of sociable qualities sometimes finds a normal course of reading rather difficult to follow. What with the diversions of college life in term and the delights of continental travel in vacation, many a Rhodes scholar finds that he has fallen between two stools when the fateful hour of his trial in the examination-room approaches.

The foregoing remarks must not be taken as an implied condemnation of

the collegiate system from the stand-point of the Rhodes scholar. That system needs no word of commendation from the present writer: and it has been a matter of some surprise to him to observe that many Oxford and Cambridge men, who have experienced the great benefits which it undoubtedly confers upon all who pass through the older universities, are violently opposed to any suggestion for its introduction in the colonial universities at which they have received professorial appointments. It is the Rhodes scholar's own fault if he fails to accommodate himself to the conditions of college residence. It is quite possible to reconcile them with steady habits of work, if only one goes the right way about it. Those Rhodes scholars who seek to cut the knot by withdrawing themselves to remote quarters of the town are not doing their best either for themselves or for the Rhodes Scheme as a whole.

III. Practical questions which the actual working of the Trust has brought into the foreground.

It may seem invidious to speak of the question of finance as the first difficulty in the practical operation of the Rhodes Fund; but the cost of university education is a topic of absorbing interest at the present juncture, and it may not be inappropriate to point out that the adequacy of the Rhodes Endowment has no direct bearing upon the general question at issue, since the requirements of the Rhodes scholars are in many respects exceptional. With *careful* management the sum of £300 suffices to meet those requirements; and the fact that the founder of the Scheme fixed upon this amount affords an interesting illustration of the financial acuteness which enabled him to build up the vast fortune of which he disposed in his will. The statement that the Rhodes scholar can manage to balance his accounts if he is prudent and cautious may seem strange to

those who have never given any thought to the special requirements of his position. The ordinary man in the street is apt to regard the sum of £300 as a princely income for a scholar at the University to enjoy; but it is only just adequate to meet the needs of the Rhodes beneficiaries. Unlike the ordinary college scholars, the Rhodes men do not and cannot spend the full amount of their scholarship in Oxford, or for educational purposes. At least one-half of their income is required to defray charges incurred during the prolonged university vacations, the cost of travel, clothing and a hundred other items of which the holder of a college scholarship is relieved. It may be assumed that the average Rhodes man has no intention of spending more than the income which he receives from his endowment.² There will, therefore, remain only about £150 per annum to meet the expenses which are ordinarily incurred at college. That sum is just about enough to enable him to live in comfort and decency during the three terms of the academic year, if he takes a moderately active part in college affairs. This would seem to justify the assertion, already made in another connection, that the advent of the Rhodes men has not been a direct financial gain to college revenues. If there were any college bursars who entertained a different idea when the Scheme first came into actual operation, disillusionment must needs have overtaken them very quickly. The Rhodes scholar cannot afford to spend any more than the ordinary poor man during the time when he is actually residing in Oxford.

All things considered, the sum of £300 appears to have hit the mark ex-

² Even those who do possess private means are reluctant to go beyond their allowance as Rhodes scholars; their coming to Oxford frequently involves a couple of years' delay in their preparation for a professional career in their own country, and though they sacrifice the time willingly they do not desire to incur additional expense.

actly. But there is one direction in which the financial basis of the Scheme is really deficient. Although the income allotted to each scholar is adequate for his requirements while he is in England, there is an important item for which further provision might be made, viz., the cost of the journey to Oxford and back again to the country which the scholar represents. It is by no means an unusual occurrence for a Rhodes man to arrive in Oxford with a heavy burden of debt, incurred through his borrowing the money to pay the expenses of his passage to England. This burden sometimes hangs over him during the whole of his career at Oxford and prevents him from obtaining the full benefit of his University career. It would be well if some plan could be devised for relieving the scholars from this charge altogether, especially as it weighs more heavily in the case of those who come from afar, and puts them at a disadvantage as compared with the men who are sent from the United States, Canada or Germany. The matter is one with which the Trustees could hardly be expected to deal. The conditions vary so widely in the different countries interested, that it might fairly be left to local action. If the powerful and representative committees which select the scholars in the respective Colonies and States would only bestir themselves, their authority and influence would easily enable them to overcome the difficulty. Some practical suggestions have already been thrown out in isolated cases. New Zealand has frequently raised public subscriptions to pay the passage money of her own Rhodes scholars. One mail ship company grants free passage to those who come from the West Indian group of colonies. Either of these devices might be extended with considerable advantage to the Rhodes Scheme.

Another practical question which has

been suggested by the experience of the last few years is this: Do the Rhodes Trustees bring their scholars home to Oxford at too early an age? The discussion of this point should be prefaced with a few explanatory remarks. Although there is no absolutely universal rule, the Trustees allow a fairly wide range of discretion to their local selection committees; the qualifying age usually varies from nineteen to twenty-five. In point of fact, however, the selected candidates generally approximate towards the lower limit.

Is this standard too low? A recent writer in the *Fortnightly Review* has condemned the whole Scheme because it brings men to Oxford at the most critical period, when they are strongly influenced by new ideas and impressions; after a few months in England they become enamored of the joys of living here; and on the expiration of their term they are exceedingly reluctant to go back to the dull routine of existence in their own comparatively undeveloped countries. The author of the article in question is Mr. P. A. Vale, a New Zealander whose mind appears to have been disturbed by the fact that, out of three of his countrymen who had passed through their Oxford course, none had returned to their own colony at the time when he wrote. Upon this very slender basis of fact he jumped to the conclusion that few among the whole body of Rhodes scholars were going back to their homes, and that most of them were settling down in England. "Broadly speaking, there is no return to the countries which take advantage of the munificence of the great South African." Mr. Vale then goes on to condemn the Scheme because it is drawing the best men away from the colonies and checking the natural expansion of the outlying portions of the Empire. This argument may be criticized from three independent points of view. In

the first place, it is a very narrow and insular "Imperialism" which fails to recognize that a man may do yeoman service for his own colony at the heart of the Empire. Most of those who argue that the Rhodes scholars ought to go back to their own colony implicitly assume that this was the intention of their founder. But Mr. Rhodes gave not the slightest indication that such was his desire. He was too much of an idealist, too genuine an Imperialist, to think of laying down such a rule. The will is absolutely silent on the point.

In the second place, if one puts aside for a moment the question of the distribution of the Rhodes men after they have graduated, it may be said with some degree of confidence that a man of twenty or twenty-one is more likely to derive benefit from his university experience, than one who is two or three years older. There is no real danger in placing him at Oxford,—with an income of £300 and free from home influences, he is a more responsible person than the average Englishman of his own age, and a great deal harder-headed. He is not really anglicized to any serious extent, or taught to despise the country of his origin. As contrasted with a man of twenty-five, he is much more capable of taking part in the ordinary life of undergraduates. The older a man is, the more difficult he finds it to join in the childish delights of the average Oxford man; and a colonial or American of twenty-five is very old indeed compared with most undergraduates. Yet the Rhodes scholar should take part in every phase of Oxford life if he is going to get the best which Oxford has to give.

Finally, it is quite untrue in fact, to say with Mr. Vaile, that broadly speaking there is no return to the countries which send Rhodes scholars to Oxford. Even in the case of the New Zealanders, whose conduct appears to have

caused their countryman so much anxiety, the statement is grossly inaccurate. Although they have not returned to New Zealand, they have not remained in England. One has gone to Burmah and another has taken a post in Western Australia.¹ The general statistics on the whole subject are supplied by the Trustees in their last Annual Report. Of 82 Americans, 81 have returned home, while one has accepted a university appointment in England. Of 15 Germans, 14 have returned to the Fatherland, and one has gone to America. Seventy-eight Colonials have completed their tenure as Rhodes scholars; 51 have already returned to their own colonies; 12 are completing a further course of study before they return; three have obtained appointments in India; two in colonies other than their own; two in foreign countries; one is temporarily engaged in parochial work in this country; four have accepted teaching posts in English universities, but are hoping to secure professional appointments in their own colonies; three, and only *three* have definitely decided to settle down in England.

When faced with these statistics Mr. Vaile pleaded that he was writing "imperially" and not thinking about statistics. One might venture to suggest that even an Imperialist should occasionally condescend to acquaint himself with facts.

It may be noted, in conclusion, that the figures given above with reference to the Colonials are much less uniform and definite than those which relate to the other groups of scholars. Can this be due to the circumstance that the Empire still offers a wide variety of opportunity to its citizens, and that the men who come from the colonies still possess a degree of self-reliance, independence and adaptability to new sur-

¹ The third Rhodes scholar from New Zealand is now about to return home.

roundings which enables them to outstrip their American and German rivals? If so, then we may take heart for the future, and need not join with

The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

Mr. Valle in his lamentation over the comparative failure of the Rhodes Scholarship Foundation.

John C. V. Behan.

CIRCE AND THE PIG.

Nowadays if you open a modern illustrated paper you meet each week the charming faces and figures of new goddesses of the stage lightly clad to sun themselves in the warm light of popular favor during the few butterfly days of their reign. A dozen light operas and similar entertainments challenge your wayward fancy after dinner, often leaving you derelict and smoking in the modern enervating lounge out of sheer inability of right decision. But in the seventies it was otherwise. Then we had but one entertainment fit for the connoisseur—Burlesque. Burlesque wittily written, humorously acted and presided over by only one goddess—a woman beautiful to look on, with a voice in speech or song that echoed in your heart through dull days of dusty work, whose feet were so eloquent in the dance that it were no hyperbole to say with Sir John, "no sun upon an Easter Day was half so fine a sight." And the inspiration came from the gods to call their goddess Circe. For then as now the occupants of stalls and boxes learned their classics painfully at school to forget them easily abroad; but the "gods," who read these things, read them in thumbed editions picked out of the boxes of Holywell Street at the cost of a few pence, and studied them for the fun of the thing as all real study is done. And when the genius of the gallery had once shouted "Brava, Circe!" in the midst of the fervent enthusiasm of a successful first night, it stamped itself at once in the mind of the town as the just word;

and within a week it was in all the shop windows, in the shape of "Circe" collars, "Circe" gloves, hats, hairpins, shoes, stockings and all those mysteries hidden from male imaginings under the modest pseudonym of *lingerie*.

It is true that the pedantic mind, particularly one pedantic mind belonging to a pedant who wrote dramatic criticism because the world would not read his novels, made objections, founded doubtless on recent reference to Lemprière, that Circe, daughter of Sol and Persels, was celebrated for the use of magic and venomous herbs and the inhospitable changing of her guests into brutish shapes. But there is no convincing a whole city that they are wrong when they seize upon the very word that they know expresses the idea in their usually dumb minds. Circe had, if one may write American for the moment, "come to stay," both in her own presence and in her name. No amount of pedantry could alter the affair which had been settled forever by the higher powers. It was the Prime Minister himself at the Theatrical Fund dinner who perhaps put it better than another when he said, amidst enthusiastic cheers, "We English love paradox and hence have named our most beautiful actress of to-day, Circe; but Circe of old changed men into swine, whereas our Circe eliminates all that is brutal and gross from her audience and her voice is always cheering and strengthening the better element in the psychomachy of mankind." We had Prime Ministers in those days who could praise art on

the stage in many syllables and still retain the Nonconformist vote; but we were all more spacious then.

Circe's father, Herbert England, had been a schoolmaster at a big school in the City, her mother had been a singer, not unknown on provincial platforms, in oratorios and ballad concerts. Their daughter, Violet, was educated at home. Her father read with her, English literature for the most part, and taught her to read with clear enunciation, her mother taught her music and rejoiced to find in her daughter powers she herself had never possessed. What might have come to Circe had her father lived, who can say? But by his sudden death it became necessary for Circe's mother to take lodgers, and one of their first lodgers was Killingham, the well-known comedian. It was he who brought out Circe when she was sixteen, in a farce called "The Gingerbread Nut"; a servant with a singing part. She did not spring into fame on the moment as actresses do to-day, on the contrary she worked hard in London and Manchester and Dublin, at anything that came to hand, earning her living scantily and cheerfully, and learning her business very thoroughly. Francis, that prince of managers, engaged her for the *Frivolity*, at a very considerable salary for those days, but would only allow her small parts with but a single unimportant song during the first two years of her engagement. When she grumbled to him, as stage ladies do and did even in that golden age, he told her, as he told every young aspirant, to watch and work and wait, and the day would come. And at last when poor Fanny Witney fell ill, the day came, and Circe danced joyously into her island kingdom and found there more palaces and attendants and purple and fine linen than she had ever imagined in her wildest dreams. And not only were there nightly cheers to greet her when she stepped on the

boards, but nightly ovations calling her before the curtain to those slaves of hers who could not bear to see the last of her when the piece was over. And outside in the street, waiting round her little brougham, in rain or snow, stood a gallant band of young and ardent servants, all eager for a glance as she darted into her carriage and whirled away into the night.

Stated in prose fact Circe's palace was a lodging near Tottenham Court Road, where she lived with Eliza, an old servant of her mother's, and Mr. Wegg, the bulldog Alec had given her. She had named him Wegg because his off foreleg was very stiff, and he had a habit of dropping into howls whilst she was practising her songs.

"Why Wegg?" Alec had said—but he was educated at Eton.

Another of Circe's palaces was a little house with an old garden on the edge of Wimbledon Common where her mother lived. Circe used to drive over there on Sunday with Wegg, and sometimes, if there were no rehearsals, stay until Monday morning. She generally hired a carriage and pair from the jobmaster, the one who provided her with the little brougham. Last Sunday, however, she had allowed Alec to drive her down. It was a beautiful May morning, and he had arrived about eleven, to the delight of Bloomsbury, with two high-stepping chestnuts drawing a bright yellow mail phaeton. And when Circe came to the door clad in a saffron gown with the daintiest bonnet and long strings to match and leaped beside him on to the high seat of the phaeton, Alec felt that he would like to gallop with her right away to Gretna Green, and would have done it too if he had ever learned enough geography to know where it was.

James, with his arms folded, and Wegg, with his stiff leg, sat impassively behind them. In their way they

were proud of serving so much youth and beauty, and their faces wore that air of calm satisfaction that is seen only among the servants of the great. It is good to minister to those who are joyus and happy and smiling; and it is good to be a boy and three-and-twenty, and drive a pair of fine horses with the only girl you ever loved at your side. Possibly it is better still to be three-and-twenty and to be the only girl.

If you are old and rheumatic it is good to look on and see three-and-twenty enjoying itself. That is what the old crossing-sweeper thought at the end of Great Russell Street as he limped out of the way and picked up a sixpence Circe had thrown to him. He laughed aloud at the fine horses; he laughed back again at the young couple, and he laughed all on his own at the radiant dignity of James and Wegg. "My word," he said to himself as he cleaned the sixpence carefully with his coat-tail, "that show is as good as a circus."

And so it was to a man and a philosopher who knew how to enjoy life. But Circe's mother, very properly, wanted to know more in detail about this sort of thing, and though she welcomed Alec as she welcomed all Circe's friends with a sweet and kindly manner that charmed that young gentleman very greatly, yet she was not sure whether it was wise for Circe to be seen driving about with him even on occasion, so different were the standards of the seventies from those of to-day.

The chief objection that Circe's mother had to Alec was the purely practical and maternal objection that he did not come into his property until he was five-and-twenty, and therefore, from Circe's mother's point of view, was not, as we say of lovers and mansions, eligible.

To understand this, if you are so out

of the world as not to know about it, look at your peerage under the title Greathead. You will find Alec to be Alexander Wellington Ulysses Greathead, third Baron Bermondsey. The first Baron had made a fortune as a contractor in the early days of railway building, and subscribed freely to party funds. The second Baron was a keen business man of a superior type. He looked down on the old business and saddened his father by filling up a census form of occupation as "muck-shifter" instead of railway contractor. "For what else is it?" he said. "We exploit the simplest of muscles and machinery in the removal of dirt. I hope to live to exploit the very brains and lives of men in the manifestation of new ideas." And so he did. He began with the building and making of the tools and machinery of his own business, and from that to newer industries, and so to banking and finance, in which pursuit he found that under-current of poetry and imagination that his nature thirsted for. He could think in millions. He could produce schemes which glistened with dividends and sparkled with bonuses, the foundation of which was a well-woven fabric of commercial honesty. Such a rare spirit must needs grow wealthy, and in truth he waxed very rich. The peerage will tell you of his marriage with Rosalie Felicia, daughter of Lieutenant General O'Dowd, the famous soldier, and of the birth of their only son, the "Alec" of this story, and of his mother's early death. Some day I will write her story, which is but a sad one. It was her pleasure to give her son the names of many warriors and to dedicate him to the service of her father and her nation, and her last wish to her husband was that her infant son should be brought up as a soldier in an Irish regiment. After her death, however, Lord Bermondsey left little Alec in the care of servants in

his beautiful home in Suffolk and he himself plunged deeper into the financial rapids of the City, to keep his mind from brooding over his sorrow.

It was in this old country house that Alec grew to love and to know the ways of animals and to become a keen hunter and lover of the outdoor life, knowing the signs of wind and weather as the wild animals themselves do, by instinct. And his education at Eton, without teaching him a love of any other literature, at least did not steal from him his love and knowledge of the book of nature. Thus when he came to Sandhurst it fell out, as Lord Bermondsey would have foreseen if his son had been one of his business ventures, that there were examinations to pass quite beyond the ken of Alexander Wellington Ulysses. And the pity of it was that here was a young fellow, the ideal of a soldier for the real work of the camp on the hillside, and here were examiners paid to discover such a person. But the system stood in the way. The things Alec knew were unknown to the examiners, and the things that the examiners knew Alec could not tell them; and examiners are brazen idols only to be worshipped by constant repetitions of the same prayers that they have heard through ages past.

At the third failure at Sandhurst, Lord Bermondsey made his will, and Alec went to Oxford, spending all his vacations in Suffolk. At Oxford he came across Professor Aldred, F.R.S., who interested him in zoology, and he became a student in the laboratories, finding in the text-books of science a language he could understand. Then came the sudden death of his father; the discovery—humiliating him at the moment—that he was not heir to his fortune until he was five-and-twenty, and that his sole trustee and guardian was the Pig.

The Pig was Alec's name for Mr.

Harvey Mutch, the head partner in the well-known firm of solicitors, Mutch, Twining and Slack. Harvey Mutch was as well known in the City as the late Lord Bermondsey himself. He had been the legal Jonathan to his lordship's financial David. The present Lord Bermondsey had hated him from childhood with the intense hatred that children and animals have for human beings who have the bad taste not to love them.

And Harvey Mutch not only did not love children, but, except for his strong affection for power over others and the things of this world that power can bring to you, he had no love to spare from his work and himself. He was a man of sixty, looking about forty-five, tall, well-preserved, proud of his good looks, his ample gray locks and his shapely hands. Alec, who could never see even his outward virtues, always described him to his friends as an ugly man, with a fat snout and pink complexion, who wore stays. This was true, but it was not the whole truth.

The origin of his nickname the Pig went far back into the prehistoric days of Alec's childhood when Lord Bermondsey first brought Mr. Mutch down to Suffolk and Alec had instinctively hated him. Alec could never remember any time when he had called him anything else, and recollects well that his father had only laughed when the name came to his ears, and indeed on occasion had used it himself. And from Suffolk it had floated up to London, and among law clerks in the City, articled and otherwise, the Pig was a name of affectionate respect for a leader in the profession.

At the moment of this particular story the Pig was very much out of the good graces of both Alec and Circe. Circe had resolutely refused to leave the stage until Alec came into his fortune, as his present allowance was

quite insufficient for the maintenance of herself and her mother, and the Pig had not only refused to find more but had spoken strongly to Alec about the inadvisability of his friendship with Circe, upon which Alec had retorted undutifully and left the sty in anger. This was how matters stood on that memorable Sunday afternoon in Wimbleton when Alec had—what he always called in after life—his one great idea. "Supposing," he said to Circe's mother, "supposing the Pig advances me five thousand pounds down to last us between now and my twenty-fifth birthday."

"You can't suppose things like that about the Pig," said Circe pouting.

"You know you always have told us that it is impossible," said Circe's mother, knitting placidly. She allowed herself to knit on Sundays not without misgivings. "My dears," she continued, "there is only one thing for it, and that is, patience."

It is one of the mad things of the world that the beautiful quality of patience, constantly referred to by the elders, is, like the precious substance radium, so scarce as to be almost non-existent in any commercial sense. Circe's mother, for instance, was always being advised by her daughter to have patience with her maids, but Circe's mother had no patience with servants and still less patience with their careless, heedless ways. In the same way Alec had no patience with the Pig, and Circe had very little patience with her mother when she cheerfully counselled a two years' engagement with Lord Bermondsey, and the advisability of waiting for the consent and approbation of the Pig.

"Why patience, mother?" she asked, with a pleasant laugh. "Were you and father patient?"

Circe's mother shook her head reprovingly, at her delightful daughter.

She had often told her the story of their love at first sight, their marriage in haste that had given the lie to the stale proverb in the sweet leisure of their happy married life.

"Your father and I were different," said her mother with the dignity of age that is so supremely amusing to youth.

Circe laughed gaily, but Alec stood impatiently awaiting an answer to his supposition, and, big with his great idea, repeated the question.

"Supposing, I say, that the Pig will advance me five thousand pounds, what then? Are we still to have patience?"

"Of course, if you could suppose such a thing it would make all the difference. My daughter could then give up the stage," said Circe's mother.

"But what about Circe?" asked that young lady, "and what about the public? Shall we put it to the vote of the Frivolity pit?"

"We will put it to one vote only," said Alec quietly, "your own."

"I have given you my answer," she said, reaching out her hand to place it upon his, "long ago. I am not going to do anything but appear on the bills every night until you can afford to carry me away and keep mother and Wegg and old Eliza just as we are now. And I'm not going to let you run off to the money-lenders, and I'm not going to let you talk any more nonsense. I'm going to borrow some of mother's patience and learn how to play at it."

"Circe," said Alec, stopping her, "I know all we have agreed, and I'll stick to it, but I've got a great idea; I can see the Pig giving you five thousand of the very best—of my very best of course—so that we can get married. It all depends on one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Can you play comedy lead in a serious modern drama?"

"What do you mean, Alec?" cried Circe, full of interest.

"Ha!" said Alec, shaking his head and laughing. "The great idea is beginning to interest us, is it? Well, here come the horses. I'll tell you all about it on the way home."

And driving along Alec unfolded his great idea to Circe, who first of all laughed at it with scorn, and then said it was impossible, and then admitted it was clever but impracticable, and then began to wonder if it would come off, and then offered suggestions for new scenes, and added characters in the drama of it, and finally, to the delight of Alec, she agreed that it was "jolly clever," and would take a real rise out of the Pig. Only—and there is always an only in a woman's decision—she was not quite sure that it was fair.

Alec argued that fairness to the Pig was a work of supererogation. That the Pig must be done by as he did, and that really Providence intended him to be done, and done brown. And although no conclusion was arrived at when he left her at her lodgings in Bloomsbury, yet, as he drove to his club, Alec felt sure he was going to have his way. He would have been the more certain of this if he could have seen Circe fling her arms round old Eliza and tell her that she was going to be married in a month, and that Alec was the cleverest daring that ever was.

At the Club Alec found Charley Levinson, junior partner of Levinson & Levinson, solicitors, whose name is endorsed on some brief or other in every society case of those days. Charley and Alec had been at Eton at the same time, and were friends. They dined together, and after dinner in the smoke-room Alec told Charley the great idea and invited his assistance in carrying it out.

"It's no good, Alec," said Charley

"the old man," meaning Charley senior, "would not like it, and I could not take any business into the office without telling him exactly what it is."

"But why wouldn't the old man do it?" persisted Alec.

"Well, he's old-fashioned. He would call it a sort of conspiracy, and say it wasn't playing the game. And we do a lot of business with your friend the Pig, and he and the old man are great friends."

"Then if you won't help me, what am I to do?" said Alec dismally.

"There are plenty of men who will," said Charley laughing, "and I will put you up to a wrinkle. Whoever you do employ, let Circe manage the thing herself, and don't let him understand the game that is being played. Believe me, if you want to catch the Pig dozing, you have to get up very early indeed. And if he gets talking to Circe's solicitor he will soon find out that something is wrong."

"I had never thought of that," said Alec gratefully.

"Yes," continued Levinson, "whoever appears for Circe should really think he is at work on the real thing. There is an awfully nice young fellow named Jameson, a Scot, he hasn't an ounce of imagination, and he'll go through with it for Circe admirably. I'll just write her a note of introduction to him. His place is in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Thank you, Charley, and of course you——"

"Must be as silent as the grave about it," interrupted Levinson laughingly as he crossed to the writing table. "Why, certainly. But remember you've got a tougher job than you think, young man, though of course Circe could bewitch any man living. Still the Pig, as you call him, is as tough and as devilish sly as the immortal Major himself. When once the game is started you keep clear of Miss Circe's

dwelling until you have won the stakes."

"What for?" asked the gullible Alec.

"Harvey Mutch," replied Charley, looking up from the writing table, "is a man who gets to know all about everybody. Some say he puts detectives on to his own clients, but that story is nonsense. He has a wonderful power over men."

The Cornhill Magazine.

"I know exactly what you mean," assented Alec. "He doesn't say much to you, but he seems so interested in what you are saying that you go on telling him more and more about things."

"It would take an artist to deceive Harvey Mutch," said Levinson, handing him the letter.

"Circe is an artist, a great artist," murmured Alec with lover's fervor.

Edward A. Parry.

(To be concluded.)

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN FRANCE.

It cannot be useless, and I hope it will not be thought impertinent, to ask one's self at the beginning of this article: What sort of interest does the English public take in French politics and in a French election?

For a long time it seems to me that the chief questions an English newspaper reader was inclined to ask concerning French affairs were mostly centred on three points: Was there any danger of the Republican Government being overthrown? Was the Church likely to regain in the country a political influence and special privileges to which she had no right? Finally, what side would France take in the politics of the world?

The last point went without saying. Even the French, who used to be so indifferent to what was going on outside their own frontiers, will now ask what consequences the presence of a Liberal or Conservative majority in Westminster may have on European affairs. As to the other two, they were explained naturally enough by the spirit of religious freedom habitual to the modern Englishman, and by the keen interest in the political liberation of France which Burke himself used to feel so strongly: the staunchest English Conservative cannot hear of a French

restoration without inwardly retranslating the word into a revolution.

Of late years a change has become noticeable. The respect inherent in the Englishman for liberty of conscience and the rights of the private citizen was shocked by the narrow-minded and violent policy pursued during several years with regard to the religious orders. The English public could not understand how peaceful communities which they saw daily settling on their soil, and which they soon appreciated, not only were not tolerated in their own country, but had suffered there injustice and confiscation. This cool violation of individual rights might be repeated, they thought, in foreign transactions, and, in fact, it soon appeared that the Concordat—which had been as solemn a treaty as any—was broken by one party in complete contempt of the other. Shortly after, what remained of Church property guaranteed by inscription in the Public Debt, was nationalized in its turn, with as little ceremony as might have been used by the most desperate Socialists, and the Catholics were barely left on sufferance in their churches.

The delation system in the army, hardly believed in at first, soon increased the uncomfortable feeling to

which M. Combes' policy had given rise, and the state of affairs disclosed at the time of M. Delcassé's dismissal, the confusion in which the presence in office of General André and M. Pelletan had left the Army and Navy, helped to spread a vague mistrust which is not yet dispelled. The admiration for French statesmen, which had originated in the deep and universal sympathy felt in England for Gambetta, turned into a dread lest responsible men should place their own interests and passions before the welfare of their country.

Strange to say, the man who suffered most from these suspicions was the same Clemenceau who was proverbially supposed to be *vendu aux Anglais* and I expressed my surprise at the time of his fall that the English Press should have viewed it with an indifference bordering on injustice. Whatever might be said of the man, his work as a Premier had been little short of a reconstruction of France; and a galvanizing of patriotism felt everywhere was undoubtedly due to him.

However, thanks to the paucity of anti-clerical demonstrations under his Government, and thanks, above all, to the place resumed by France in Europe after the success of the Moroccan campaign and the diplomatic arrangements which attended it, Englishmen gradually forgot that France had been the home of a stupid anti-Christian feeling, and that it had been brought to the verge of ruin by sectarians under the garb of statesmen. One now hears more seldom, when travelling in England, the question: are you to have religious peace at last? and one hears once more, a great deal too often, the over-generous and rather uncritical admiration that used to be lavished on our politicians. I was rather shocked to find in as excellent a paper as the *Manchester Guardian* an appreciation of

the election—after the first ballot—couched in the pompous empty language of no other than M. Dubief, the Vice-President of the Radical-Socialist group, and the incarnation of their sonorous vacuity. It is also surprising that the Englishman, who is so much on his guard at home against mere talent, should think so highly of M. Jaurès, and unduly extend to the legislator the praise which he only deserves as an orator and tactician. On the whole, it seems to me that the English public in general considerably magnify the importance of the French deputies, and are apt to give the Chamber credit both for a power which it has long lost, and for a political sobriety which may belong to a large majority in the country, and—in a good many cases—to Government, but of which the average deputy is totally incapable. I am going to show that the French point of view, in various stages of consciousness, is rather different.

One fact is obvious, viz. that the old interest in a General Election is gone. The Frenchman is periodically capable of great enthusiasms, which generally last him long enough to pass from one tyranny to another across a revolution, but the mainsprings in his composition are a keen relish for ideas and a careful attention to his financial interests. The latter point is the chief motive of his private, and the former the chief motive of his public life. Whenever any of what are called the great modern ideals has been at issue—for instance, the republican constitution, the secular supremacy, equality of rights, or, I should say, of duties or burdens, etc.—the General Election has given rise to universal ebullition. France seems to be confirmed in her attachment to democracy and in her dislike, not of Catholicism, but of even the ghost of clerical intrusion. Let any politician contrive to persuade his electors that they are threatened by a

King's sceptre or a Bishop's staff, he is sure of success. The stratagem answered so long that a certain number of more obtuse candidates cannot give it up, and have tried it once more in two or three hundred constituencies; but the electors have heard these timorous shepherds cry wolf too often, and they refuse to be frightened. There being, as I will point out later, no special reason for the *rentier* to be more alarmed than he constitutionally is, the result was in 1910, even more than in 1906, a distinctly sluggish election. The death of King Edward, on the eve of the second ballot, caused so much more commotion that the *Figaro* and other important papers had to admonish their readers, in forcible language, to think of what was going on at home. Perhaps more voters than usual went to the polls, but it is the effect of education, and not at all of excitement. This duty discharged, they minded their Sunday recreation and the weather much more than the results of the election. The Parisian atmosphere on the 8th of May was just as unelectric as on the muggy day when President Fallières succeeded M. Loubet. The old feeling that "something may turn up," which the memory of the imperial *plébiscites* had kept alive until Boulangism failed, is only found to-day among good country spinsters. A chamber is only a chamber, as a president is only a president. Let us look into the causes of this indifference.

Theoretically, and through the most illogical fallacy that ever managed to live in spite of wear and tear, the Chamber is still what the Monarchists of 1875 made it—that is to say, a regular Sultan or Czar. Its power is nominally what it used to be when the President and the Senate knew they could only control it at their peril. But if these counterweights are as dead as ever, there are other influences which the Chamber cannot evade, and which

have gradually undermined its constitution. The chief of these is the dread of self-destruction. The French Parliament consists chiefly of *bourgeois*, whom the necessities of their position, above all the absolute necessity of not being outrun in popularity by the Labor Party, have compelled to adopt a programme of social reforms which they hate. Although still doing what they please, they very seldom do what they would choose, and they walk gingerly and ruefully behind Socialists who do not care. It takes a great deal of innocence to imagine that they passed the Old Age Pension Act, for instance, from purer motives than the wish of re-election. The consequent burdening of the Budget threatens immediately their own pockets. Again, with respect to the Income Tax Bill, they would go to work about it both more cheerfully and less recklessly if they really wanted it to work, and did not feel sure in their heart of hearts that they are making it unworkable. (I suppose the reader knows that they sent it up to the Senate with several blanks corresponding to the clauses they could not satisfactorily adjust.) These little things do not escape even the electorate, and they detract from the awe the Chamber inspired when it was apt to decree confiscation or banishment.

They have also been seen on various occasions in postures very unbecoming to absolute monarchs. I hate to have to recall their endorsing of M. Delcassé's dismissal, but it is too characteristic to be omitted. Also during the postal strike they cut a strange figure before the country, which had not imagined that they would be kept at bay by their own officials. For a few days the real sovereign of France—legislative, executive, and all—was the General Labor Confederacy, and the Chamber was clean forgotten. Another ludicrous predicament was that

in which they found themselves *d'après* of Proportional Representation. They felt that the country willed it, and consequently voted it, but M. Briand unexpectedly stating that he objected to it, they unvoted it the next day with considerable alacrity.

If the reader will remember that the most striking reforms passed during the last Parliament were the raising of the deputies' salary from nine to fifteen thousand francs and the establishment of an old-age pension for all who had the luck to sit even once at the Palais-Bourbon, he will realize that the Chamber appears to the common voter and taxpayer as a glutton, or a *roi fainéant*, or whatever you please that reigns and does not rule and only costs money. The interest of the intelligent Frenchman has been transferred from it to two other powers—not by any means the President and the Senate—but the Cabinet on one hand, and certain influential bodies (like the Chambers of Commerce or the General Labor Confederacy) on the other. All the talking having been done in thirty odd palmy years, deeds have now to be confronted, and a shifting of responsibilities ensues. French Governments now have to govern and not follow, and this makes, and will make, the political atmosphere healthier than it has been for many years; but a French Chamber that does not govern is such a novelty that it rather looks like a nonentity, and that was the state of affairs at the moment of the election.

All this will make it more easy to understand the comparison I was making above of the present election with that of a President, and to realize the gulf existing between a French and an English election. The characteristic of an English election is its wonderful clarity, which makes it intelligible to even the least-informed foreigner: only two parties, and, as a rule, only one question of evident importance to di-

vide them, approximates as nearly as possible to that ideal of a democratic constitution—viz. the *referendum*. The characteristic of a French election, on the contrary—since the constitution and secular pre-eminence are no longer at issue—is its hopeless confusion. Instead of being split up into two parties, the French Chamber is a very unstable combination of "groups," as they are called, formed mostly with a view to the distribution of portfolios on changes of Government, and—apart from that circumstance—so constantly overlapping as to baffle even the efforts of Parliamentary statisticians. The deputies belonging to those groups seldom appear before their constituents under the ticket they bear in the Chamber; they invariably darken their shade, most Conservatives labelling themselves as Republicans, Republicans insisting that they are Radicals, and the Radicals impudently robbing the Socialists of their epithets as well as of their programmes. As to vital issues to guide the electors, there are none. Each candidate draws up a list of promises interlarded with suitable professions or denunciations, and one would be greatly puzzled to select one of major importance from the rest. The political inexperience or discouragement, or, above all, scepticism of the electorate is so great that the minorities never put questions to, or exact promises from a candidate whose fate is in their hands. The only exceptions I know of were at two by-elections during the last Parliament, in which Liberal Catholics helped to return two Socialists, much to the disgust and indignation of the Radicals. The consequence is that the electors judge and vote exclusively from what they know of the man as a private individual, and, from the political standpoint, nothing can be more misleading. I say nothing of possible corruption.

This is enough to show to the Eng-

lish reader that the electoral customs in this country may recognize the power of the members of the majority, but make it impossible for the minority to improve their chances. Otherwise there would have been no lack of questions which the minority might have used as watchwords. M. Déroulède, the well-known poet and patriot, had suggested placing before the country exclusively the question of the deputies' salary. The economical questions—for instance, some important clauses in the Income Tax Bill—could have afforded another platform. It is extraordinary that the recent debates in the Chamber concerning the teaching of elementary schoolmasters should have been kept in the background at the election, or barely alluded to in the jumble of addresses poured in before the electors. The open teaching of atheism and anti-patriotism in village schools should certainly be considered of sufficient importance to merit the attention and challenge the verdict of the whole nation. But it is useless to speculate on might-have-beens, and it is only too certain that in the present system points likely to engross the attention of the voters merely strengthen their feeling that many things are not right. Besides, questions like that of the dangerous doctrines at present rampant among school teachers are too obviously akin to the old religious debates to be easily distinguishable from them, except by the most intelligent, and it will take many years before the mass of the country makes up its mind that religion is different from clerical ambitions. As to financial disquietude, it may be chronic, but how could it be very active when, as I have said, it is plain that the Radicals are only playing a comedy to amuse the Socialists, and when agriculture, commerce, and industries are passing through an unprecedented era of prosperity? It would take more imminent dangers

than that of new taxes to rouse comfortable drowsy sceptics. Even the postal strike, with the financial losses it involved, elicited nothing like the protests one would undoubtedly have heard in less fortunate countries.

In default of some capital point to give real interest to the election, one reform—about which there had been much talk and some agitation—might have lent it novelty: I mean Proportional Representation. Throughout the last Parliament a political association, uniting as different individuals as M. Jaurès, M. Buisson, and M. Charles Benoist, worked strenuously to spread in the country the notion of a fairer representation than that at present in existence. Under the system enforced—with one exception—since 1870, there is considerable inequality between the constituencies, and the minorities have no representation whatever. The reform in question would combine the redistribution of the electoral map with mathematical accuracy in the numerical relation of votes and representatives. The breaking up of the old constituencies would put an end to the well-known abuses and corruption, and make it imperative to vote for or against a political doctrine, and no longer for or against an individual. All this would evidently mean considerable progress, and the success of MM. Jaurès and Charles Benoist in the country had been so striking that, as I was saying above, it compelled the Chamber to pass the Proportional Representation Bill by an unexpected majority.

The action taken then by M. Briand demonstrates at the same time how insincere and consequently ineffective the Chamber has become, and how easy it is to-day for the Cabinet to enforce its pleasure, even against that of the country. The Premier, who a few weeks before the passing of the Bill had spoken at Périgueux of the old constit-

uencies as "stagnant pools" over which it was necessary to send purifying breezes, coolly said that the coalition of the Socialists with the members of the opposition seemed to him to bode evil, and that he could not endanger the Republic in such an experiment. The electoral reform should be made during the next Parliament, along with a great administrative remodelling, and meanwhile things ought to rest where they were. Whereupon the Chamber went back upon its decision, and shortly after was prorogued. M. Briand had said in the same sitting that he would see that complete liberty was left to the voters, and I doubt not but he was sincere. However, I had an unpleasant surprise on the morning of the election. For quite ten years a Bill meant to secure the voter's independence has been going to and from the Senate; and it had been discussed so actively during the three months preceding the election that I was under the impression that, in spite of violent opposition, at least one clause had been passed empowering the voter to come to the polls with his *bulletin* in a sealed envelope. But, on entering the school in the Boulevard Raspail, where I am told every four years that I hold the fate of my country in my hand, I found the usual lane of electoral *camélots* fighting to make me accept their little square of paper. No envelopes were to be seen anywhere, and, when the President dropped my *bulletin* into the box, he must have been blind if he could not read through its folds the name of M. Charles Benoist. This very imperfect state of affairs matters little in Paris, but only think of a country village where the friends of the official candidate sternly mount guard over the box.

Is it very surprising if, under such auspicious conditions, the French elector thinks more of the sunshine than of the results of his vote? He has his

doubts about the sincerity of the polls, about the sincerity of the candidates, and about the sincerity of their future action of Parliament. How could he care much? Still he must vote, and he certainly discharges this duty more punctually than he used to. On which side will he drop his *bulletin*? In spite of the numberless conflicting shades in political appellations, he is never much puzzled to make a rough division between the candidates. There are the Reds or Socialists, the Whites or Conservatives, and the Radicals who never fail in election time to claim their exclusive title to the name Republicans. Setting apart the mining or industrial districts, in which the labor vote is predominant, and the few agricultural regions where Conservative tendencies linger, the majority in most constituencies consists of sober, unadventurous people, as shy of the revolution they see looming to the left as of the *coup d'état* or the clerical reaction they scent to the right; these good people expect little from politics, but they know that something is occasionally got from Government. They therefore unenthusiastically vote for the Radical recommended by the Préfet, and go home without giving the matter much thought.

The last election was typical, and its results had been foreseen with almost mathematical certainty by many experts. A change was bound to come in some manufacturing districts still held by the Radicals, but honeycombed with Socialism. The change did take place. The Socialists have gained twenty-three seats lost by the old Radical majority, but elsewhere things remain exactly what they were. In spite of the Royalist agitation, of the liquidations scandal, and of the rare chance which the progress of atheism in the elementary schools had given the Bishops of entering the field, the opposition is as weak and disunited as it

was in the last Parliament.¹ However, there is in the Radical majority a modification which ought to be noted—viz. a comparatively frequent substitution of men. M. Dubief, the Vice-President of the group, for instance, has been ousted by one M. Simonet, of precisely similar shade. The electors seem to have revenged themselves on some of their old favorites for the raising of the deputies' salary or the failure of Proportional Representation.

The figures are as follows:

Socialists	76
Independent Socialists	26
Radicals	261
Republicans	79
Progressists	72
Nationalists	16
Conservatives	62

The Progressists, Nationalists, and Conservatives form the opposition proper; the majority in the last Parliament united the two Socialist sections and the Radicals. As to the Republicans, they are an amorphous group, the sudden shiftings of which have caused many anxieties to Cabinets. On the whole, the Chamber just returned hardly differs at first sight from its predecessor. But whether it will adopt the same policy and be content with the same effaced attitude is the question.

It is useless to prophesy, and it is hardly worth while to give an account of the various opinions already set forth in the Press—especially by M. Jaurès and M. Paul Boncour—concern-

ing the centre of gravity of the new majority. However, it seems impossible that we should be long left in the dark as to the power of the new Chamber and what may be called its stamina. One crucial question likely to enlighten us at once on the degree of independence of the two hundred new members, and on which M. Jaurès is determined to expend all his energy, is sure to be brought forward shortly after the beginning of the session. This is the question of Proportional Representation. The Radical majority in the old Chamber was against this reform, and M. Briand, from purely political motives, looks askance at it. If the new Chamber tries to evade a debate on this question, or if the Premier succeeds in enforcing his wish to have it put off, we shall know that nothing is changed, and that we must expect to see a chlorotic majority led by a strong Government. If, on the contrary, Proportional Representation is passed, we shall have to look on it as a new departure and the final abandonment of the systematic sham and pretence kept up during the past eight or ten years: for the deputies will find themselves, for the first time, independent of the local committees to which they used to owe their election, and able to face questions for themselves. The immediate gainers would be the Socialists, and, as they hate M. Briand, it is not impossible that the victory of Proportional Representation may entail the downfall of the Cabinet, but the fall of a Cabinet compared with so considerable a change in the parliamentary life of France would be a trivial accident.

*Ernest Dimnet,
Paris.*

¹ It cannot be repeated too much that from the electoral standpoint France has long ceased to be a Catholic country. There are quite as many practising Catholics and fewer anti-Catholics in the male population of the United Kingdom.

A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

"You are hereby summoned," said the notice, "to attend and serve as a Juror in this Court, at the hour of eleven in the Forenoon upon the trial of any Action or Actions to be then and there tried by Jury; and in default of attendance you will be liable to a penalty of Five Pounds, under sect. 102 of the County Courts Act, 1888." So of course I went.

10.45. Though I have never been on a Jury before, I feel that it is as well to be punctual. Is this the County Court, policeman? Thank you. First come, first serve, is the juryman's motto. If I am sworn in for the opening action I may yet be down at the Oval for lunch.

10.55. Upstairs there seem to be a lot of jurymen about, most of them without collars; I wish I knew the etiquette. And where do I go now? Perhaps if I show somebody my summons . . . In there? Thank you very much . . . Oh, is this the dock? Thank you. Oh, yes, over there. Thanks.

11. In the jury box. Evidently I am very late. We are in the middle of the action, and I haven't taken an oath of any kind. I ask the juror next to me for a rough synopsis or *résumé* of the case as far as it has gone, so that I can give a right and trusty verdict. He explains that our action hasn't begun yet, and that this one is being tried without jury. Most sensible—that's how all actions should be tried.

Having nothing else to do I listen to counsel. As far as I can make it out, "We" (by which, I take it, the little man in the wig means himself and his friends) have been unable to obtain reasonable access to the bathroom of our lodgings for the purposes of bathing,

the landlady having pocketed the key of the same. No wonder we are annoyed. On the other hand, as the fat man in fancy dress rightly points out, "We" (meaning him and the landlady) have only locked the door between the hours of 11 A.M. and 8 P.M., the fact being that his learned friend was in the habit of washing his clothes in the bathroom. (*Disgraceful.*) We are only too delighted to allow him to bathe in the morning and at night, but it must be fair bathing.

His Honor thinks this reasonable.

The Little Man says he will undertake not to wash his clothes in the bathroom; but suppose he wanted a warm bath in the afternoon?

His Honor thinks that any reasonable man or woman might want a warm bath in the afternoon—say between three and four.

The Fat Man says that if his learned friend *really* wants a warm bath in the afternoon, say between three and four, he is prepared to allow access to the room for that hour.

His Honor thinks this noble.

The Little Man urges that he might possibly want his bath at five. (*True.*)

After much argument His Honor suggests 4.30 as a reasonable compromise. Agreed that the Little Man shall be allowed to bathe from 8 P.M. to 11 A.M. and from 3 P.M. to 4.30 P.M.

Now for our action.

11.45. We stand up in twos to take the oath. Having read all about germs I decide to kiss my thumb, instead of the book which I and the man next to me are holding together. In my nervousness, however, I kiss the other man's thumb. I hope he won't mind.

Before our case begins the usher announces that all the other actions have been settled out of court and that the

rest of the jurors summoned are therefore dismissed. This is *very* annoying. If I had only come late enough I needn't have come at all. And they're just beginning at the Oval.

12.0. Matthew Pringle kept a small fishmonger's shop in Commercial Road. One day he was horrified, gentlemen, to see a motor car come into the shop. A week later, having recovered from the shock to his system, he estimated the damage as follows:

Damage to shop	£20 0 0
Do. to fish	2 0 0
Do. to bicycle (which was leaning against shop) .	5 0 0
Loss of business	3 0 0
<hr/>	
Total	£30 0 0

I make a note of the figures and yawn, and wonder what on earth the defence can be.

12.45. Counsel for Defence is cross-examining. Roughly his line seems to be that the damage to shop was fourpence, damage to fish tuppence, damage to bicycle an improvement, and loss of business *nil*.

"Now take the fish," he says. "What sort of fish had you in the shop? Had you salmon?"

Mr. Pringle admits that he had no salmon.

"No salmon, gentlemen," Counsel says to us scornfully.

It occurs to me that salmon was out of season at the time of the accident, but as it doesn't seem to occur to anybody else I say nothing.

Counsel continues. Under relentless cross-examination witness confesses that he had also no sturgeon, red mullet, trout, octopuses, whales, sardines, or dog-fish in his shop at the time of the accident.

"Well, what *had* you got?" asks Counsel, absolutely at a loss.

"There was kippers and—"

"Kippers!" sneers the Defence.

Having had a couple of kippers for

breakfast that very morning, I resent the sneer and decide to give a verdict for the plaintiff.

2.30. We have adjourned for lunch and resumed, and are still at it. I expected to be locked up and given lunch at the expense of the county, but had to go out and pay for it in the usual way. The Defence is now concentrating on the bicycle, which is in court. Counsel is prepared to admit that it *is* a bicycle, but produces an engineering expert (without a collar) to tell the whole truth about its past.

"You see that—*bicycle*!" Counsel says contemptuously, as if it had had no right ever to have been a bicycle. Certainly it doesn't look much like one now.

"I do."

"And for how much would you be prepared to mend it?"

"'Arf-a-crown." (*Sensation.*) "And I'd give 'im a new one as good as that was for five shillings." (*More sensation.*)

3.30. The man next to me is very conscientious. He has been putting down all the figures in the case. As I feel that I have been rather inattentive, I ask him to let me refresh my memory by studying them. After all, I *have* kissed his thumb, so we are not altogether strangers.

He has added them all up so as to save me bother.

Fish in shop	250
Breadth of road at scene of accident	27ft.
Gear of bicycle	84
Average cost of kipper . . .	1d.
Number of motor	LC 97896
Train I want to catch . . .	4.6p.m.
<hr/>	
Total damage	LC 98262.6 ftdpm.

"Thanks very much," I said, "but I doubt if you catch your train."

4.15. We retire. We are all very indignant. One stout bald man explains that he was going to have been

married or christened or something this afternoon, and now he has missed it. He must try again to-morrow. We are all agreed that it is perfectly wicked that a whole day should be wasted in this manner. We are all busy men. I am (I say) a particularly busy man. "Plaintiff, of course?" says the bald *Punch*.

man casually. Of course. "Damages? He claims thirty—say twenty-five?" Our confidence in the bicycle being a little shaken, we all say twenty-five with alacrity.

4.30. Justice is done. But it is too late now to go to the Oval.

A. A. M.

THE PRESENT STATE OF POETRY.

The various schools of poetry at present in England have a common characteristic—conservatism. Each goes back to some tradition, and does very little more than carry it on. The writers who now pretend most to originality are generally the most imitative: snatching at the eccentricities of great but uneven models, they try, by exaggerating these, to produce the effect of novelty. The work of the best writers of verse of the younger generation consists chiefly of pleasant but slight variations on known themes. There is scarcely any development.

In regard to the means of poetic expression, this conservatism is worthy of admiration. It is now no easy task, even for a man of genius, to keep unimpaired the magnificent instrument of English poetry. Far too many writers of the last generation went out of their way to break up our language in their search after novelty of diction. Its resources, as Newman long since pointed out, are developed to that point at which decay sets in. A loving knowledge of the treasures of our tongue, and a true instinct in selecting from them, are now of much higher value than the verbal inventiveness of impatient and rather ignorant minds. The latter abound, at home and abroad. To the glory of our race but the confusion of our speech, we have planted overseas many a Soli where solecisms are being proudly and vigorously culti-

vated as elements of new national dialects. Their disastrous influence on our literature daily grows wider and more profound: it tells on our press in a manner patent to every observer; it affects our speech even more deeply; and on English prose generally it works with a subtle, disintegrating effect. But few of the best of our novelists of the younger generation are able to write a sound prose in which the great traditions of English style are respected. They obtain, doubtless, a certain freshness of diction by submitting to the new influences; but this freshness is at times not unlike mere crudity, and at best it is of little value when compared with all that is lost in gaining it.

Only in our poetry are the treasures of our language loyally conserved, and our poets are well rewarded for their loving care. They possess a poetic diction which has been enriched and clarified, hardened and tempered, until it has become almost as perfect an instrument of expression as a thing of man's making can be. The melody of its rhythms seems inexhaustible; there is a wonderful variety in the orchestral harmonies of its periods; and its strange, magical power of using the commonest words, and heightening and glorifying them, enables it to fulfil most of the purposes of prose diction without ceasing to be finely poetic. Were Milton now living, he could make his

"Samson Agonistes" what he dreamed of making it—a work in which poetry absorbed the special qualities of prose and acquired, besides the resulting flexibility, a larger movement and a more subtle music. As it is, we have an incomparable orchestra, but no man who seems capable of writing for it. The task of keeping one of the various instruments in order appears to exhaust the energy of our various poets; and they practise their solos far more often than they perform them. Take for instance, the case of Mr. W. B. Yeats—the most poetic of our younger poets, in the opinion of several good critics. After studying the magic flute under William Morris, Rossetti, and Blake, he found a new fairyland in Irish myth and legend. But he is unable to play us there as Morris played us into the enchanted lands which he discovered. Only in the prose of Lady Gregory are seen some clear outlines of that world of fairies and heroes which the poets of the Irish school dream of, but cannot enter. They lead us to magic casements opening on nothing.

What is wanting in them, and in every writer of English verse at the present time, with the exception of the author of "The Dynasts," is energy of imagination. This, it may be argued, is a failing now common to men in every noble field of activity. The present writer does not think so. He, too, belongs to the younger generation, and, like many of his fellows, he accounts himself happy in that he is coming to the prime of life in one of the most exciting and hopeful eras in the history of the world. It seems to him—is it an illusion of fading youth?—that we are passing out of the wild, dazzling glare of the great *Aufklärung* of the latter part of the nineteenth century, into the large, steady light of a period of constructive activity in religion, science, philosophy, art, and letters. It is still too early to expect any general settle-

ment of views in regard to the objects of fundamental importance; but these objects are becoming clearly defined. Clearness of vision is in itself a source of inspiration; and from it the best writers of the age derive their energy.

It is a fact of importance that these men are all prose writers. We have at least seven authors of recognized genius, and prose is their medium of expression. It is true that Mr. Thomas Hardy, the oldest and greatest of them, is the author of the most original essay in poetic drama since "Faust"; but is he not essentially a prose writer who composes verse, as Milton would say, with his left hand? It is in his marvellous stage-directions that his extraordinary breadth and intensity of vision are displayed; his poetry is merely a comment on his prose. Nevertheless, it is fortunate for English literature that he has turned from prose, and is using the instrument of verse. Even as a poet, his virtues are greater than his defects. He imports from our prose into our poetry the qualities which our poetry now lacks—the sincerity, strength, range, and clarity of an enriched and disciplined imagination. With the exception of Francis Thompson and John Davidson, our poets of the younger generation seem to have lived entirely in the Palace of Art. Their impressions of life are taken at second-hand, and their ideas, derived from these impressions, are fanciful rather than imaginative. Our novelists, on the other hand, have been trained to use their own eyes. The general effect on our fiction of the realistic movement has been beneficent. It has hurt some weak minds; it has alarmed many tender consciences; it has enabled a few bad writers to acquire an unenviable reputation; but it has aroused in a considerable number of men a deeper sense of the realities of life, and this has in turn quickened their feelings, given their intellect a

finer edge, and disciplined their imagination. The ordeal was severe: it was the grim, sombre aspect of existence which the realists set themselves to depict. But after exploring the gloomy side of things, they began, in a natural revulsion of feeling, to grope towards the light, and the realistic movement was gradually transformed into a movement of reasoned idealism. This reasoned idealism is different in origin and spirit from the current of idealistic emotion which, a century ago, roused the English mind from torpor, and found its fullest expression in the work of Shelley. It is grounded on the positive results of the great critical effort of the latter part of the nineteenth century, and, even where it aims at giving a spiritual interpretation of life, it respects sound relations between ideas and facts.

Science has, as Wordsworth dimly foresaw, created a great revolution in the impressions we receive from life and nature. Its discoveries are becoming familiar to us, and producing a profound effect on our minds. But our poets have not sufficient strength of soul and power of imagination to help in building the new material into the ancient fabric of human thought. In their hands poetry has ceased to be "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." It is merely an anodyne for timid, sentimental, dispirited creatures.

But this aversion from the life and thought and passion of the age deadens the imaginative faculties. There is scarcely any surge of feeling in the

The Athenaeum.

verse of the present day. Now and then one finds some song in which the movement of life is felt—some poem written in a sincere mood, and touched with the passion with which it was conceived; but, generally, the men of the younger generation who have devoted themselves to poetic work produce only the rhetoric of culture. Culture becomes rhetorical when a large knowledge of literary effect is used with merely a slight experience of actual life. This is one of the first dis tempers of learning and one of the last. It appears at the beginning of the golden age in the literature of a nation, when its writers, having forged their instrument of expression, play with it for a while before using it; and it recurs in an aggravated form in the decline of a noble civilization, when skill in literary composition has become a common accomplishment, and the inventive powers of the race are failing.

But at the present moment the inventive powers of the English race do not seem to be exhausted. We have recently begun to produce plays marked by the same qualities as the finest of our novels. It is, indeed, probable that our fiction will be reduced by the conversion of some of our best novelists into brilliant playwrights; for the theatre promises to become again a great moulding force in our literature. Perhaps some poet will also feel its vivifying influence. Only by means of the drama can poetry resume its close connection with our national life, and thence recover its ancient power over the mind of the people.

E. W.

THE STING OF DEATH.

A schoolboy can hardly be persuaded to believe that he is not immortal, so far off and unreal seems the finality of death. But no man passes the age of

thirty without feeling within himself a strong and almost resentful recognition of the certainty of death. It is probable that in the time of life which im-

mediately precedes middle age the consciousness of the inevitability of death is more powerful than at any other. After middle age the idea becomes tolerable because the mind is familiar with it and partially reconciled to it; and when old age deepens about a man he busies himself with thoughts of death—by one of the most kindly of Nature's paradoxes—hardly more than a little child. A very old man may be dreadfully perturbed if his dinner is late, if an expected letter does not arrive, or if a trusted clock stops, but he is by no means perturbed by the perceptible approach of death. There is a gentle and merciful slackening of the senses. He is little more sensible of the removal of those few of his contemporaries who have remained than he is of the certainty that he must soon join them. There is scarcely such a thing as a shock for a very old man, for a shock postulates the nervous power to be shocked, and he is almost without that. "The sting of Death" seems to us to be a phrase with an exclusively moral import. It is so used in the New Testament. "O death, where is thy sting?" It has none for those who believe in the continuance of personal identity.

The phrase is used in a physical sense, however, at the head of an article in the new number of the *World's Work* by Professor Metchnikoff, who has set all the educated world taking thought how they may add a few years to their lives by introducing lactic acids into their systems. His conception of the bitterness of death is curious. He imagines that the premature decay of the human body is only the counterpart of its over-slow development, and that both are induced by ages of bad management of the body since man emerged from apedom. Thus, while man is decaying at an unnecessarily early age, "he still feels the greatest need of con-

tinuing to live, and an invincible fear of death comes over him. This fear of death is one of the main characteristics that differentiate the human being from the animal. All animals shun death instinctively, but they are not conscious of it. . . . It remains remarkable that man, a being of animal origin, who has brought into the world many most evil qualities, should have acquired as a new quality, through his mental development, the consciousness of death." Having defined man's "need of continuing to live," Professor Metchnikoff goes on:—"Among the feelings which change strikingly with age the sense of time may be mentioned. Everybody knows how differently the lapse of time is measured by people in childhood and in later years. While a year seems a long period to the child or the youngster, old people consider the same period as very brief. Under such circumstances we can understand that the sense of life and together with it the fear of death develop but very slowly, and it is to be noticed much more strongly in older people. The result of the development of this sense of life is that the older man worries less about the aim of life, for he is conscious that life itself forms a great portion of this aim. But as the desire for life is not extinguished even in later years, man acquires a feeling of discontent, especially when the prospect of approaching death looms up before him terribly." All that is contrary, as we have said, to our experience. But Professor Metchnikoff marches on unalarmed to his conclusion, which we dare say is sound medically, and may perhaps embody a brilliant discovery, but is enough to shock the most indulgent transcendentalist. "In order," he says, "to attain the aim of life completely the present life of man is too brief, just because his psychic development requires such a long time. But the brevity of life is the result of man's

animal origin. Organs and arrangements which were essential to animals have become entirely superfluous to the far more perfected human being. Therefore science must remove this evil, which may be accomplished through a systematic adherence to hygienic rules. Thus the period of life could be prolonged to such an extent that man would live until the instant of real, natural death."

The means of postponing death is in everybody's mouth in one sense or the other,—the various forms of soured milk which are said to vivify the good bacilli and enable them to attack and overcome the bad bacilli. Some day the story of how Professor Metchnikoff observed and inquired into the hearty, though extreme, old age of certain Bulgarian peasants will have become a beautifully embroidered legend. They had no science, but empirically they had discovered an elixir far more potent than that which Cagliostro offered, or than the fountain of youth for which Ponce de Leon went in the vainest quest. The *bacillus bulgaricus* is already famous as the friend of man, and there is apparently no end to the slaughter it performs among the hostile bacilli which dwell in that unnecessary compartment of the human interior which is said to be a relic of the days when man was no higher than the apes. The general adoption of a method of postponing death—no doubt a very false and disappointing method if the prophylactic is regarded simply as a corrective to the same habits as before, the same old indulgences—brings the mind back with more than usual emphasis to that which we would all avoid. Death! All roads of thought lead to it. It is the one unchallengeable fact of the universe, the one certainty and grand reality. Yet no one knows anything positive about it. No one who has experienced it is in a position to enlighten us. You cannot define

The Spectator.

death more exactly than to say it is a state in which the restoration of life is impossible.

The sting of death physically is nothing; a man who has lost consciousness in the water, a man who has been under an anaesthetic, a man stunned in an accident,—these have been in effect dead, and yet they know nothing of death. In speaking of it the most glaring contradictions pass quite naturally for axioms. It is the "gentle hand," but it is also the "grisly terror." It is "beautiful" and "wonderful," but it is also "terrible." It is the "crown of life," the "gate of life," the "mercy," the "port," the "veil," but it is also "the wages of sin." "Men fear death," says Bacon, "as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak." The circumstances of death are full of awe, yet there is "no passion of the mind of man so weak but it masters the power of death." Thus "revenge triumphs over death; love slighteth it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it." It is as natural to die as to be born. And when all has been said, death is but death. To cultivate what Matthew Arnold called an "almost bloodthirsty clinging to life" is not only unbecoming but ridiculous. With the proper approach to Death his sting, if he have one, may be drawn:—

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my
eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare
like my peers
The heroes of old.
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. Edward Breck's "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw" will not draw the wrath of any person with theories as to the results of the life-preserving instinct of animals, for it is pure gossip about the creatures mentioned in the title. The list includes almost anything that can be potted from a cat to a bear. Ravens and gulls and loons also come to the camp, and a few pages are devoted to a description of the orphaned gull's method of teaching itself to fly. The gossip is strung on the slightest thread of narrative, in which the host entertains a large company of cheerful, pleasant boys and girls, making them as he will probably make his readers, hearty lovers of the woods and of the wood folk. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The days of the Pacific Coast Vigilance Committees have been neglected by recent novelists, although one at least of the murders which they avenged has figured in late fiction. As for the contemporary stories of vigilance committee proceedings they passed as swiftly as the "Lone Star" tales preceding them and the Civil War novels following them. Poetry based on contemporary subjects may endure a brief space but their fiction vanishes like manna. A generation or more later a revival often comes, and Mr. Jerome Hart's "A Vigilante Girl" now appears to recall the old days when defiance of law and order in the name of justice seemed good in the eyes of citizens accustomed to seeing both order and law mocked in the cause of greed. The author of a story of that day has no need for exaggeration and Mr. Hart has rather underrated than overestimated the dismay with which Pacific Coast residents were filled during the series of events preceding the enlisting

of the vigilantes and during their actual reign. The picturesque and romantic aspects of the moment were wasted upon the American of that day, who held his citizenship in higher regard than many of his sons held theirs. "The Vigilante Girl" reflects that time truthfully and clearly. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Our Search for a Wilderness," by Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe, is dedicated to Mrs. Beebe's grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, and in its First Part it describes a voyage from New York to Port of Spain, touching at Jamaica, Colon, Savanilla, and La Guayra and thence to the Orinoco Delta and the country about the Venezuelan Pitch Lake. In its Second Part, it describes three journeys in British Guiana conducted with the hearty cooperation of the resident Americans and official English, and with the newest scientific aids. In the three appendices may be found a classified list of birds mentioned in the book, with their scientific names; a list of the Guianan names of the commoner species of birds, and a list of the insects observed at Hoorie and classified up to the present time. The descriptions of the journeys are written with great spirit, and abound in novelty, and they are illustrated by many photographs. Long may the writers continue to search. Henry Holt & Co.

The pitiless frankness of a mirror characterizes Anne Warner's "Just Between Themselves," and, were it not for the pretty love scene near the close, one would be compelled to call it cynical. The author introduces a company of persons, apparently of average common sense and of average good qualities, and causes the kindly friend and

self-sacrificing wife and mother to exhibit herself as silly; the good natured average father to display dulness of the dullest; the apparently loving couple to disclose themselves as intensely selfish, irritable flirts. In compensation, a youth who seems to be a mere simpleton deluded by a married woman is shown to be a keen witted Joseph of considerable insight, and the unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, is seen to be not so dull but that she can and does learn, and the two flirts depart to their own place and nobody cares for the stings which they carefully plant as they depart. The action takes place in a small German inn, and the surroundings heighten the intensely American character and behavior of the personages, and intensify the humor. It is necessary in reading the story to postpone any judgment of its characteristics to the end, for Mrs. French as is her habit reveals all frailties first, and reserves the disclosure of merits. So much the worse for the hasty and sentimental. Little, Brown & Company.

By the contents of his new volume, "Revolution," Mr. Jack London stands revealed as a humorist, about the last character in which his most devoted readers have expected to behold him. As powerful in describing the horrors of intense cold and as an effective portrait painter of the savage and of the civilized man living under its influence; as writer of two consistent and logical studies of dogs; as a maker of literary experiments in sentimentalism and in brutality, and, since he descended to burrowing in among the advocates of organized violence, as a person dangerous to civilization, they have seen him very clearly, but "Revolution" reveals his new aspect. The book opens with a species of proclamation to all and sundry decent citizens that a revolution with a capital "R" is upon

them, and will sweep them into most unpleasant positions and places, and convince them that they know nothing about their country or the world in which they live. This paper is followed by a romance of the future, presenting a perfectly idle, happy, laughing human race, its condition based upon the murder of capitalists, and the abolition of private rights to any possession; a truthful tale of a man who offered to share his possessions with his fellow men and was speedily transformed into a garrulous bore, protesting against their injustice; just appreciation of certain parts of Mr. Kipling's work written with careful respect for an author's right to intellectual and spiritual privacy, and very agreeably unlike the searching, unscrupulous, profoundly scientific and learned, and totally inhuman art called criticism in Latin countries; a paper elicited by Mr. Roosevelt's attack on Mr. Long and Mr. Burroughs's enthusiastic support thereof; a very serious and valuable paper on "The Yellow Peril" written in the spirit exhibited by nearly all disinterested persons who have lived in Japan and China; and two or three other papers of no especial significance. How do these articles show Mr. London to be a humorist? "Revolution" and "The Somnambulists" are flatly contradicted by "The Golden Poppy," which ridicules their fundamental principles, and "Goliah" reduces those principles to absurdity. Yet "Revolution" and "The Somnambulists" are dangerous reading for the ignorant and scandalize the cautious, and "Goliah" encourages the lazy and distresses the scrupulous. In other words, Mr. London plays with his readers, and is to be taken as a humorist, no matter on which side he chooses to stand. This is a pity, for his natural gifts are so rare that he should not lessen their value for the sake of playing upon human nature. The Macmillan Company.